THE COMMONWEAL

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THE TOCSIN FOR PEACE

RATHER more than a month ago, in welcoming the news that a Catholic Conference on International Relations would shortly meet at the national capital, and while still uninformed as to the schedule of its deliberations, The Commonweal ventured to express a hope that, out of the meeting, some concrete expression of Catholic opinion would issue on a subject that is searching men's consciences, none the less significant because circumstances rendered it extremely unlikely that any imprimatur of Catholic authority would be attached to it.

In another section of our present issue, an article written by Mr. William Franklin Sands gives a brief summary of the progress registered during the two days that the provisional committee sat in practically continuous session. While awaiting the publication of an official report, which must necessarily be an affair of time, it will not be amiss, in the space that editorial comment permits, to glance at one or two of the suggestions that were opened up as general discussion following the reading of each paper.

In any open debate upon international relations, certain varying points of view are sure to be manifest —were it not so, discussion would be sterile indeed. Each speaker contributes that which he has. The enthusiast brings his indignations and disappointments; the optimist his rosy visions of a universal brotherhood to be attained by a process that often, when analyzed, is indistinguishable from simple wishing; the sceptic his doubts; the student his knowledge of international relations in the past. To keep the balance, to impose upon this mass of good will, inevitably conditioned by the spiritual temper of those who contribute it, a direction that will result in practical measures toward peace, is a hard, and often an ungrateful task.

For it must never be forgotten that all such conferences as that recently held at Washington, are come-togethers of men already persuaded, in theory at least, of the justice and benefit to the world of the cause they advocate. What The Commonweal permitted itself, in a recent editorial, to term "an extensive territory of persuadable thought" lies outside and beyond them. It numbers among its ranks the careless and unaroused, it includes an entire category often to be found in very high places, of what might be called the "hard-minded"—men, that is, to whose consciences ethical principles that are never questioned in private life, make no appeal at all in public affairs, and whose minds, often without a consciousness that

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justice is departed from, have become indurated by the conception of an a-moral and irresponsible state, propagated, with what monstrous results the world is witness, by Machiavelli and Hobbes. But happily for humanity, it also comprises a large body of men and women whose hearts are wrung by what is past and uneasy over what looks likely to come.

A clear enunciation of principle is the cutting edge of any movement dedicated to effect change by clearing away misconceptions that have created an intolerable situation. It is not necessary (nor likely) that this principle be new. The very preamble of our own Declaration is a simple reassertion of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness enjoyed by all men without distinction of race or creed. By devoting its preliminary sessions largely to an examination of this elementary right, by inquiring why an axiom held valid for individuals is questioned for bodies of individuals that call themselves nations, by suggesting means through which it may be restored as the abiding dogma in diplomacy, the Catholic committee at Washington, or so it seems to us, has not only covered the ground in two days upon which the fight for peace will have to be waged, but bases its argument solidly upon a conviction that has become part and parcel of the American theory of life.

A recent article in the London Times, widely commented upon in our secular press, referred to "two voices" audible in present-day America. One of them, it freely admitted, is a clear and ringing "adsumus" whenever an appeal, no matter whence heard, makes human need and human suffering audible. The other, or so it is claimed, is a dubious, even a "muffled" voice, when the question is one of the rights of the smaller nations that lie within our orbit of influence.

Now, neither the air of making a startling and disconcerting discovery which the English journal affects, nor the surprise with which the charge is received in this country, is altogether justified by facts. The double voice (it will save recrimination to admit it at once) is a property common to old world and new. It is audible in every country today where wealth, power and ambition make a threat to impose the group-will upon weaker and less cohesive groups, not only possible as a last resort, but extremely effective as a first. One of the most deplorable developments of the great war has been a descent in the tenor of the language held by major to minor nations. A tendency is very evident to use the revelation of what modern war has become as an instrument of pressure, not upon the strong brother who has just tested its ineffectiveness, but upon the weaker brother who cannot hope to wage it with even the most distant prospect of a successful outcome.

How has this double standard, which practically leaves the existence of smaller countries one of sufferance and dependance, arisen in our world? Largely, as more than one speaker at Washington noted, from the material standard which weighs nations as it weighs men, in a balance where size and wealth, rather than intrinsic worth, depress the scale. Those who affect to see no change at all in international relations, but at most a cruder assertion of tyrannical fact, cannot look to history for support. Up to the Napoleonic era, at least, a host of small peoples managed to live side by side with great ones in peace and dignity. Their place in the hegemony of nations was independent of the number of bayonets they could put in the field, or the number of armed keels they could set afloat on the ocean. A single battleship today could cover the actual territory of the venerable Venetian republic with its batteries. The little principalities of the German Reich, each with its petty reigning prince, its minuscule court and army smaller in number than the police force of many a modern metropolis, are rare figures of fun to the contemporary mind. But there is nothing ludicrous in the ideal they upheld before the modern Attila smeared them from the map with his big battalions and gun-parks. Going a little further back, commercial leagues such as the Hansa Towns, with no territorial ambitions at all, are discovered, enjoying extraterritorial rights such as no nation today would dream of demanding, save as the aftermath of a war of open conquest.

Any return to this system of large and small nations—"powers" in something more than the raw suggestion of force, with a seat at the council board and a voice that the rivet-hammer in shipyards and the tramp of training levies is not needed to amplify, may well seem, to the positive and pragmatic mind of today, nothing better than a mediaeval dream, an attempt to mount the time machine and set the gear in reverse. Catholics, to whom mediaevalism carries something more than a connotation of barbarism and futility, will be less sure. They certainly will not cease their effort to make something infused with its spirit the resurgent force of a world weary of competition and hate, because such effort has necessarily to proceed with different instruments and against obstacles that have grown with time. To them the real atavists are, not themselves, but those whose immoderate nationalism (that latest of the heresies, for which more than one thinker sees a condemnation looming that will impress the imagination of the world) has restored something of its old tribal fearfulness to war, carved new frontiers through sentient communities, and completed, in the cause of secret diplomacy, the severance between the part of the nation that feels and the smaller part that schemes and plans. They think they know by what roads the world arrived at Armageddon, and through what diversity of moral teaching the respect for natural law that might have saved it perished from men's minds. They will not feel that it is routed back to safety and away from steeper abysses until to the Christian doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God is added its only honest corollary—that all nations are equal in the sight of the law.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE defeat of the Socialist party in the Austrian elections merits attention. During more than a year it had been foreseen that the fight would be bitter and more than relatively decisive. Monsignor Seipel, though unwell and anxious to retire from political activity, had thrown all his energy into the struggle. For Austrian Catholics the election was fated to decide primarily the status of education in the new republic. Under the constitution inherited from the old empire, religious schools draw subsidies from the government treasury and are thus assured of maintenance costs. Even though Socialist antagonism to Catholic belief has lessened since the war, it still regards the training of the young as essentially a secular matter. The victory gained under Monsignor Seipel's leadership guarantees, therefore, the stability of the schools for some time to come, and has perhaps rendered it secure for a generation. It was widely conceded that Socialist power in the republic had reached its peak, and that, as conditions of an economic and social character improved, it would be less and less easy to arouse public affection for anything savoring of Russian experiments in government. One must admit, however, that the narrow margin by which the Christian Social party's victory has been gained reveals the extent to which the country has been demoralized by war. Strangely enough, one hears much of literary and other intellectual "returns" to Christianity, but gets little indication that the great mass of the impoverished are recovering confidence in traditional institutions.

THE effect of the Jalisco train tragedy upon the situation in Mexico lies chiefly in the fact that it afforded the government an opportunity to accuse Catholics of rebellion and outrage. Almost immediately the exile of eight members of the hierarchy was ordered; and, led by the aged archbishop of Mexico City, the cortege of princes of the Church began a tedious journey to the United States. Every one of these men has been tried by fire. Their duty has been to rule the old Mexican dioceses, sacred by reason of a long tradition of holiness and service, through the multiform catastrophes of a newer time. This recent sacrifice is, therefore, a part of veteran experience to them. For the rest of us, however, their coming may well offer the occasion for wondering how long the utter chaos in Mexico is to endure. Since the rise of Madero and Carranza, history south of the Rio Grande has been one long series of disreputable episodes—of lies offered as truth, of robbery termed reform, of spoliation by military force labeled "socialization." We have sometimes noted protests, scattered here and there, against definitions of the present Mexican officials as "scoundrels." It certainly is strong language. But one uses it here, not under stress of emotion, not in mere wrath, but with that calm clarity which is demanded by intelligence. These lines are written at a time when the United States has reaffirmed its determination to adhere rigidly to the principle of tolerance. But everything implied by that principle, as well as every other good thing guaranteed by our constitutional administration, has been plucked from the people of Mexico by a band of ruffians who still find "explainers," if not any longer admirers, among us. Some of these ruffians have left behind them a record of student life in the United States; and turning to portions of these records recently, we were not surprised to find that the future was anticipated in viciousness and cringing meanness, in that kind of servility for which Uriah Heep is a classic symbol. A country ruled by them is verily a place in which neither law nor manly philosophy can exist.

DR. FORBES GODFREY, Minister of Health in the Ontario cabinet, has announced a vigorous campaign against various agencies likely to spread communicable diseases throughout the province. Regulations have been issued forbidding the use of wooden bedsteads in lodging-houses, roller towels in public and business washrooms, and powder puffs and sponges in barber-shops. So far so good, and expressions of approval are greeting the new by-laws from all sides. But because these regulations are extended to limit the number of passengers in street-cars to 140 percent of the proper seating capacity, with a few extra on rear platforms, and prescribe such alleviations as celluloid-covered straps and adequate ventilation in all cars, Eustace Smith, secretary of the Canadian Electric Railway Association, declares they are "ruinous" and

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"impossible" and would put some companies out of business. So far, there have been no mass meetings of passengers to save the imperiled corporations. "Women and children first" seems to be the general response of those who travel to the wail of those whose slogan must be, "Take care of the nickels and the passengers may take care of themselves."

INDIANA never sent a better man into public life than Albert Beveridge. He represents so much that is noblest in the peculiar intellectual texture of the Hoosier state that an enumeration of his qualities would sound almost like a catalogue of democracy's cardinal virtues. In the first place, he showed what the colleges which sprang up in the Middle-West after the Civil War, at the close of the pioneer days, could do for a young man straight from the soil, and ambitious—like so many of his neighbors—to serve the country and still do well privately. The young Beveridge was an orator with more than a few mannerisms; but he possessed so much real personal energy that these eccentricities of gesture and enunciation became, and for years remained, "signs" of what good public speaking was. Boys who followed him into college were all "Beveridge marked"; and they profited, because their platform idol was a man who, in spite of mistakes and some questionable political philosophy, had the integrity and zeal of a genuine statesman. Unfortunately, the middle-western educational experiment waned; and the alert enthusiasm of one generation gave way to the crabbed prejudices and political time-serving of another. Mr. Beveridge was badly beaten in two campaigns—the first defeat being due to the wholly impractical movement of Roosevelt Progressivism, the second being administered by the Klan. But it is probably true that the man himself had grown too scholarly and too individual for his constituency. Eager to broaden his understanding of history and political institutions, resolved to get "at the facts" about currents of activity running round the world, he made no pretense at being interested in that mere political cunning which counts for so much in the business of getting votes.

THE later Beveridge was a political philosopher. Apart from his personal achievement, a vigorous interest in the development of American historical research, displayed to full advantage in the raising of funds, made numberless scholars his debtors. The Life of John Marshall abides, of course, as a singularly thorough study of a man who, as much as any other, determined the structure of American government. Its real meaning, however, is better seen when one notes that—unless some claim is made for Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge—it is the only book worthy of comparison with the best offerings of modern scholarship which has been written about the national political scene by one who himself figured upon it. This in itself would mark the author as distinguished. But to the end he remained so faithful to his concept of conduct and so ready to be of service that no excuse need be made for repeating what was said at the beginning of these remarks—that, with the passing of Albert J. Beveridge, the greatest of Indiana's public men has gone. This is by no means empty praise when one remembers what the rôle of that state in the national adventure has consistently been.

IT WOULD be hasty, indeed, to assume that the notorious murder done in Queens Village indicates the state of suburban culture. One certainly cannot suppose that the abysses of amorous sentimentality and crude cruelty revealed by the principals in the case have been plumbed by many. The display may have a relative moral significance, proving as it does that "middle-class comfort" is not a synonym for happiness. Far more indicative of general disarray, of cheapness and viciousness of mind, is the organized effort to please the public appetite for such details as are bared at the trial. The Snyder case is, of course, not the first to arouse a monstrous and morbid curiosity. But no other similar topic has initiated the wholesale distribution of comment, of gaudy statement of fact, which the New York press has thrown round the proceedings in Justice Scudder's court. One is reminded of some fantastic legendary brigade of ghouls spreading carcasses about for the delight of buzzards. Curiously enough, the brigade is composed of people whom one might normally expect to find employed elsewhere. Perhaps Miss Maurine Watkins, who made a lurid exposure of disheveled justice in Chicago, is merely being cynical in supplying the "yellow press" with the same kind of material her play seemed to deplore. Encouraged by her example, various members of the theatrical profession, Willard Mack at their head, have brought forth picture-paper dithyrambs on the subject which years from now will make the cheques received in payment generators of remorse.

BUT there are lower depths than these. Rising from Mr. Samuel Shipman's contribution to the Daily Mirror, one opines that there is no bottom to nonsense. Mr. Shipman, who is described as a "famous playwright," declares: "There is one great thing we can say for Ruth Snyder. She never sold her love, and that is a lot more than perhaps we can say for many other women!" Speculation is useless concerning Mr. Shipman's sense of moral values: he does not even know how to dispose of his adverbs. Similarly, the New York Telegram, following its recent change in ownership, could think of no better recipe for establishing itself in the hearts of its countrymen than employing the inimitable philosopher and punster, Mr. Will Durant, to give the folks a series of metaphysical treats. One has never felt sure previously that Professor Durant was convinced of the reality of sensation! But why go on? Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Woodward the incomparable "de-bunker," and that fiery reverend-

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issime John Roach Straton have all served their turn as reporters. Even the evening complement of the august New York World, which spoke out bravely against newspaper vultures, has sat in voraciously at the handsome repast. At times like these one is ashamed of the writing profession. Its manifold virtues fade from the landscape, and one sees its prevalent venality, its obedience to gross and lecherous minds, its lack of understanding for the truth that writing can be, not the spoon which serves hale food, but the needle which injects venom.

"NATIONAL MUSIC WEEK" is with us. Sponsored by governors' proclamations, starred by pageants, recitals and choral performances, festooned by innumerable exercises in schools, the seven melodious days wind on. There is even to be, we are informed, a questionnaire on music, which broadcasting and newspaper reproduction will make so widely available that only dogged determination can keep any individual from discovering how little he has found out concerning tempo and counterpoint. Surely the nation ought to be able to rest from its labors, confident that the general advance in melodiousness deserves a creditable mark, if not a blue ribbon or a gold medal. But much as the educational aspect of such a week seems to indicate a rather strenuous effort to "get culture" by hook or crook, there are genuine reasons for welcoming the movement it symbolizes. Is not "the man who hath no music in his soul" as pitiable and undeveloped now as he was in the sixteenth century? Would not a wider welcome to music and a deeper understanding of its purpose tend to make those common festivals—notably liturgical worship—in which melody figures, more worthy of the ends for which they are planned? Besides, an American has good reason for using such a week as this for some random appreciations of what has been done for music in his country. Great orchestras and opera companies, a growing number of talented virtuosos and effective ensembles, testify to a fervent popular support of the art. At a time when England is mournfully prepared, for reasons financial, to say farewell to Sir Henry Wood and his illustrious orchestra, we can sympathize with Londoners even while rejoicing in our own abundant musical and near-musical wealth.

OF THIS no finer indication could be given than that afforded by the steady progress of the Society of Saint Gregory of America. Having for its purpose the development of liturgical music according to the direction offered by the Motu Proprio, it enlists the coöperation of choir-masters and organists with a view to improving the character of an ecclesiastical art which is far too frequently abandoned to chance. This year the society is to convene in Cincinnati during the two days following May 29; and its able treasurer, Mr. George Fisher, Box 312, Times Square Station, New York City, assures us that he will be glad to send details to all those concerned. The number of trained organists and directors vitally interested in subjects related to the Motu Proprio is large and growing, just as the excellence of much ecclesiastical music written or newly introduced in this country is being recognized abroad. An American traveler through Switzerland was astonished recently, as he passed a small village church, to hear a fine rendition of a pipe-organ selection which he recognized as having been written by a Chicago musician. After meeting the organist, a learned and competent man, the traveler was surprised to learn that the little church repertory included many works by American composers. This discernment of merit is surely one reason why we ought to find it worth while generally to observe the work of such organizations as the Society of Saint Gregory.

EASTER fell late this year, and there is interest in a letter from Rome, published by La Vie Catholique, on the movement—inaugurated some years ago by the League of Nations—to make it a fixed date, like Christmas, and in the present state of negotiations on the subject. When the question was mooted some two or three years ago, an appeal was made to Rome to take the matter into consideration. The distinguished Jesuit, Father Gianfreschi, well known as a specialist in the physical sciences, was dispatched to Geneva by Cardinal Gasparri, and a conference was held, attended by representatives of the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Archbishop of Canterbury. After the pros and cons of the matter had been discussed at some length, an answer was returned by the Papal Court. It promised, if once convinced that general benefit to the world would result from the innovation, to raise the matter at the coming Ecumenical Council, but expressed reluctance to make any change forthwith. Here the matter rests, but it may be added that Father Gianfreschi is busied at the present time with private studies tending toward a general reform of the calendar, of which, no doubt, the incidence of Easter would form a part.

ONE should always be cordial to good news. Editors, confronted with an ample array of dismal topics inviting comment, may be pardoned the haste which they display in clutching greedily at any random rainbow. That is why we decided to publish Mr. Henry Morton Robinson's The Lay Reader, which appears elsewhere in this issue, although we were frankly puzzled by the lack of overt evidence for the movement it so enthusiastically describes. Could anything be more comforting than the existence, in an era when the sages of Jamaica are booming an organization of atheists more youthful than discriminating, of scattered groups of Catholic students eager to make the lore of Christendom their private property? One recalls similar European urges, some of which have borne fruit in notable Catholic revivals. One thinks of a new laity no longer content with routine, which will discover that

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Patmore was a poet and emulate his practice of searching Aquinas for practical wisdom. But with all due credit to the vision and observation of Mr. Robinson, it must be admitted that his remarks will be stared at a bit incredulously by many. We ourselves get little indication that the youth of the land, either male or female, is storming the peaks of an intellectual Darien for the victory of Catholic culture. The spirit of the time is against them, in spite of all the signs of a vigorous and intensifying religious practice. There is no loud clamor for Saint Augustine's masterpieces, even in very fine bindings. There is even some reason to fear that the writing urge, in so far as it is young and Catholic, veers toward Greenwich Village more strongly than it did in the 'nineties. Yet there are some very perceptible sources of hope, and because of these The Commonweal says very earnestly that no welcome to the forces outlined by Mr. Robinson could be more enthusiastic, cordial and sincere than its own.

ACCORDING to Mr. Homer Croy, writing in World's Work, the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, Incorporated, is doing a flourishing business in general and blossoming on campuses in particular. There seem to be quite a number of "godless clubs" at various universities, as might be expected under existing conditions. But apart from the deplorable mental states which the name and legality of the organization must symbolize for all who know something of religious experience, the whole tenor of the business drummed up by Messrs. Smith and Hopwood is decidedly trivial. They may succeed in welding together those wheezy echoes of Voltaire and Bob Ingersoll which have been floating round rather lonesomely in "radical" book-shops, irregular collegiate societies and certain literary settlements. The great doubters of the time—and there are sincere and noble agnostics in every time—realize that a negation of belief in Divinity can never be wholly categorical in character. Besides, being men of intelligence, they cannot but weigh the pragmatic consequences of widespread anti-religion. They recall what Taine and even Huxley had to say on this matter, and they have read the words of Goethe stigmatizing epochs in which faith is somnolent as sterile and doomed to oblivion.

AN EXPERIMENT of extraordinary interest is just reported from the University of Leyden, where for many years investigations under almost incredible conditions of low temperatures have been carried on. Professor Keeson is the first person to successfully solidify helium. Some time ago, Professor McLennan, F.R.S., of Toronto University, liquified this gas, which was originally thought to exist only in the sun, but is now known as a natural product. Except for hydrogen, it is the lightest of the elements, and since it is not inflammable, like hydrogen, is in great demand for the inflation of balloons and dirigible airships. Professor Keeson has now succeeded in causing this very light gas to assume the condition of solidity. In order to accomplish this, he cooled it down very nearly to absolute zero. That point, which has never yet been reached in any experiment, is 452° below the zero of Fahrenheit. It is suppposed to be the temperature of space, and the belief prevails that, when it is reached, all motion of the molecules of gases ceases. This feat is an extraordinary conquest on the part of science, and may easily be followed by the solidification of air and other gases—perhaps even by a successful attempt to reach, in the laboratory, absolute zero itself.

NEW WINDS ON OLD HILLS

YOUTH is a relative thing. Nothing more emphasizes its virility, nothing stirs it more swiftly, than contact with antiquity. This is also true, one feels, in the literary life, where originality is often the spark struck from age-old stones. The thought is brought to mind by the recent publication of Penelope, Sister Madeleva's second book of verse, a great deal of which is familiar matter to readers of The Commonweal. It may be affirmed that rarely has a Catholic poet approached the modern world with a point of view more decidedly personal, or with rhythms having a more delicate newness and subtlety. None the less, her impulse to write can be traced quite evidently to that immersion in Middle English which is the source of her scholarly and, it must be admitted, relatively humdrum prose. From the mystics and scribes of the fourteenth century she seems to have caught, almost accidentally, the spirit which flames in her own exquisite verse. That spirit also explains much that a reader who is acquainted only with contemporary religious literature may find startling or venturesome in her analogies.

One may reasonably go on to suppose that such derivations of incentive and vision from a literary world different from the writer's own and therefore invigorating, are almost as frequent as really powerful new names in the domain of books. John Masefield, as all the world knows, learned the glory of being a poet from a random acquaintance with Chaucer. Amy Lowell electrified, even though she probably did not vitalize, the essence of American verse-making by a cosmopolitan friendship with the later French symbolists. Half the charm of Joseph Conrad lies in the fact that he moved his Slavic lares into the old rookery of English fiction; and it is, of course, correct to say that Thomas Hardy's Tess and Eustachia Vye would not have been except for their author's deep and creative reading of Greek tragedy. To a large extent, the whole flood of Romanticism was brought on by breaking through the dikes which had held back the vigor of the middle-ages; and the inspiration of the mediaeval time is even now the nucleus round which fresh writing is centered. Similarly, one might wager that the Shropshire Lad is no contemporary person, but a rugged fellow whom Mr. Housman brought back

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from his explorations in Stoicism. Much indeed might be written about this reflection on origins, but enough has been said to premise an important speculation.

Does not the sameness, the monotony, the strumming on tired-out strings, which seem to many of us so characteristic of present letters, have its origin in the fact that so many writers bob right along in the contemporary stream? The best of these writers have an admirable technique; the number of nicely constructed novels, for instance, is larger than it probably ever was before; and a definite level of sophisticated intelligence is required by any book which hopes to survive the scrutiny of a critical public. But how few have anything to say! There seems to exist, for instance, a perfectly amazing conviction that dashes of "new psychology" or "sex motivation" can make worn materials seem brand-new. The most successful of our fiction-makers swim in a current of up-to-date sociology, never once rising above it and apparently being without even the wish to rise. It would almost seem as if the "spirit of the time," whirling ahead with its headstrong chaotic uniformity, dooms its victims to a level line. Certainly when one compares its product with the original forms and materials presented by those who have voluntarily opposed it, some such conclusion seems imposed. Who knows but academic institutions, hopeful of cultivating powers of expression, may yet veer away from that all too lavish concern with the modern point of view which has lately characterized them? At all events, it seems that the sincere writer, for whom the book is more than a business proposition, cannot afford to neglect the exploration of antiquity and the sight of new horizons.

THE NATION'S NEIGHBORS

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE became his own spokesman to the press at the recent dinner given by the United Press Associations in New York City. The result was eminently satisfactory, in so far as it set forth principles which have been guiding the United States government in its relations with Latin America. Frankly and concisely, Mr. Coolidge indicated that the defense of property rights, and not either imperialistic design or crusading urge, is directing those responsible for what is being done in the name of the State Department. By implication he conveyed the impression that the existing Mexican government, since Obregon's time, has been defended under the arms embargo agreement because it promised to safeguard American rights acquired under the Constitution of 1857. In other words, the State Department has clung to the time-honored and perfectly lawful principle that one government's relations with another consist largely in protecting the lives and rightfully gained interests of its citizens. To what limits this principle might lead in practice the President did not say, although he hinted that it could not properly be arbitrated, and declared that there was good reason to believe it would be respected by a Mexico brought to understand the meaning of its illegal activities.

In going on to say that the United States felt a special moral responsibility for nations north of the Panama Canal, Mr. Coolidge enunciated what many have termed a "new doctrine." In reality, however, it is new only in the sense that it is the product of rapidly changing conditions in Latin America. There is no longer much reason for believing that any European power would attempt to rule in portions of the southern hemisphere. The question of power in that vast continent is largely commercial rather than political in character; and an attempt on the part of the United States to assume "moral responsibility" there would mean a body blow to its business progress. North of the Canal, however, the situation is wholly different. Here the United States and its citizens must reckon with political conditions. Every disturbance affects the whole area to at least some extent. And in this area the nation's interests are property and not business negotiation. So far as we are aware, no one has compiled a list of American holdings in Mexico and Central America. But beyond any question the total is enormous, particularly when the possibilities of development are taken into consideration. This development cannot proceed unless peace prevails; and so there exists what may be termed a "permanent temptation" to preserve the peace.

Readiness to believe that negotiation and political education will gradually replace military control and bring about the desired condition does honor to Mr. Coolidge. He emphatically rejects the "short-cut" which assumes that direct American administration could solve the whole problem almost immediately. It probably would. The only really effective argument against United States imperialistic action in the countries north of the Canal is the fact that such action cannot be squared with political morality and international law. By refusing to over-ride this argument, our government renders its task more difficult and its economic reward less great, but it places the country on the side of justice with a definiteness which, in the long run, will be regarded by the world as a salutary diplomatic example.

Unfortunately, we seem as yet to have got no further. Our strenuous problem—defense of legitimate rights on the one hand and political patience on the other—needs to take advantage of commensurate opportunities. Certainly the most important of these is some form of international coöperation which will place responsibility for deeds that concern all squarely upon the shoulders of all, which will teach the duties of international life through participation and experience. But with a consciousness of having turned definitely away from policies to which it has never been committed by popular opinion, the nation may soon find the recipe for a broader and more helpful code in dealing with its neighbors.

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THE SOUTH READS MR. SMITH

By RICHARD REID

THE South awoke Easter Monday morning to find dominating the front pages of its press more Catholic apologetics than it had ever seen anywhere in its papers, even in a month of Mondays combined. The wielders of the South's editorial pens had their day on Tuesday, and if an examination of a half-hundred leading newspapers from every section of the South is any criterion, the only dailies which did not express approval of Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Marshall were those which made no comment on it. The opinion varied from caustic commendation to enthusiastic praise, and, as far as the twoscore and ten papers selected at random are concerned, was unanimous in the thought that the letter effectively and conclusively disposes of the questions raised by the Governor's interrogator.

Although the reaction of the southern press to the letter seems to substantiate the very recent assertion of Senator Glass of Virginia, that the impression that the South is a hotbed of religious intolerance and bigotry is erroneous, it would not be logical to assume that the papers commending Governor Smith's answer are now committed to his candidacy. A Georgia weekly, an ardent advocate of prohibition, asserts that it would not support the New York Governor "even though he were to withdraw from the Catholic Church and unite with every Protestant church in America." Many of the dailies take a stand no less significant for being more temperate; accepting without qualification the Governor's conception of the harmony of his allegiance to his Church and his allegiance to his country, and yet opposing him on other grounds. Thus is Mr. Marshall proven a poor prophet, for his letter assured Governor Smith that if he reconciled American and Catholic principles to the satisfaction of the people of this country "the only question as to your proud eligibility to the presidential office would disappear . . ."

The southern press is not in accord on the propriety of the Marshall questions. While most editors appear to agree on this point with the anti-Klan Macon (Georgia) Telegraph when it says that the reply was "a frank, straightforward answer to the questions which Mr. Marshall as an American citizen had a right to ask of a man who was aspiring to the chief magistracy of the nation," the outspoken Enquirer-Sun in Macon's neighboring city of Columbus asserts that Governor Smith has made "an historic answer to an impertinent question," and that it "still holds that, as an American citizen, living under constitutional guarantees of liberty of conscience and freedom of religious worship, the Governor should have ignored the challenge of Mr. Marshall."

The Enquirer-Sun concludes thus: "It might well be hoped that the Catholic question has been settled by Governor Smith's straightforward, unequivocal reply to the open letter of Charles C. Marshall. Yet on the heels of the Governor's answer comes the news that Mr. Marshall will reply to Governor Smith. And those persons who do not want to be convinced will not be satisfied with Governor Smith's answer. They will return to the argument with an assertion which for them will have an air of finality: 'Nevertheless, Al Smith is a Catholic.' "

The Atlanta Constitution expresses the opinion that the letter "will go down in history as one of the most remarkable documents in the annals of American politics"; that it is "not only clean-cut and to the point, but unanswerable to every right-thinking citizen of this country who believes in the guarantee of religious freedom." It adds: "Any citizen who could inject religion into the appraisal of one's fitness and qualifications for public office is not only intolerant, but contradicts the tenets of faith upon which our government is founded." The Savannah Morning News adds to the Georgia editorial comment by accepting Governor Smith's statement; and after insisting that no one is compelled to vote for him "because he has so clearly enunciated certain American rights," and that "no man's religion should be held to bar him from the Presidency unless that religion would tend to interfere with the right of American citizens to believe as they please," goes on to say: "Governor Smith talks like a good American citizen; the people of New York evidently believe he is that sort of American."

"As a reply and an argument addressed to reason, it is one of the most impressive documents of the day or even of the generation," is the opinion of the Richmond (Virginia) Times-Dispatch; this paper refers to the letter as a "complete answer and powerful statement," and continues: "In so far as a statement by one man can settle a much-vexed problem of American life, especially American public life, Governor Smith's statement has settled the problem which has existed in millions of minds as to the alleged primary allegiance of American Roman Catholics to the Roman Catholic Church and their subordinated allegiance to the United States itself." The Times-Dispatch further characterizes the Governor's letter as something of a "lay American encyclical on the subject of the involvement of Church and state as understood by modern Roman Catholicism."

This reference to "modern Roman Catholicism" is significant of a widespread impression among editorial writers that the teaching of the Church on the relation of Church and state is variable, an impression apparently reflected also by the Macon Telegraph in the editorial already cited: "Governor Smith's personal creed is diametrically opposed to what has been the

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popular conception of the historic position of the Catholic Church. As a matter of fact, it is so strongly constitutional in its ring that it might be taken for a repudiation of the historic position of the Catholic Church upon many questions." The idea that Governor Smith is more liberal than his Church seems to be hinted by several other editorial writers, but they constitute a small minority of those responsible for the comments coming under the observation of the writer.

In North Carolina, Josephus Daniels's Raleigh News and Observer recalls the Marshall letter, Governor Smith's reply and the Marshall rejoinder, and then remarks that it is the Governor's next move, a conclusion with which the Governor evidently does not agree. The News and Observer says further: "There ought to be no religious test applied to men for public office. In our day, Chief Justice White and Governor Smith are conspicuous examples of men of the Roman Catholic faith in high positions of trust whose public record has not been affected by their church membership. No Catholic ought to support Governor Smith for the Presidency because they belong to the same faith, and no Protestant ought to oppose Governor Smith because he belongs to the Roman Catholic faith."

The Charlotte Observer believes that "in the minds of a fair-minded public, Governor Smith has made satisfactory acquittal on the score of church influences, on separation of Church and state, on education, on the powerlessness of the Catholic Church to over-ride the Constitution, and upon his staunchness as an American citizen; yet he has another and possibly a more vexatious issue to contend with, and that is his stand on the prohibition law." The Observer refers to his record at Albany as proof of his statement that his Church has never " 'directly or indirectly attempted to exercise influence in my administration of any office I have ever held or asked me to show special favor to Catholics or exercise discrimination against non-Catholics.' . . . All over the South are Democrats who have faith in the soundness of Smith's Americanism, who take no stock in the proposition that as President he would be ruled either by Pope, or by cardinal, or by Catholic influences of any kind, but would be guided solely by the requirements of the Constitution; yet the doubters are in the majority." The Asheville Citizen, however, believes that the Smith letter, which "is just such a statement as was to have been expected from him, ought to dispose pretty thoroughly, once and for all, of the suggestions that, if he should be elected President of the United States, his first loyalty as a public servant would be elsewhere than to the people of the United States."

The Charleston (South Carolina) Post is of the opinion that "among men and women of open mind and unprejudiced judgment" the Governor's letter "will undoubtedly receive not merely respectful but admiring consideration." Even among those who would oppose him for the Presidency because of some other reason, or who would reject him solely from the standpoint of expediency, "there could hardly be found a clear-thinking person who would refuse to accept Governor Smith's statement of his creed 'as an American Catholic' as perfectly according with every principle of American citizenship." The Charleston News and Courier adds: "It is to the credit of Alfred E. Smith that he elected to speak out when the theme was placed before the public. It is to the credit of Alfred E. Smith that he answered the questions item by item without evasion. He has reflected his own Americanism in the quality of his assertions."

"If the Marshall letter was designed to get the Governor in a hole or corner, it failed," the Columbia State approvingly remarks. The Greenville News, which accepts the reply of Governor Smith as "a straightforward and clear-cut declaration in behalf of a fundamental principle of the American republic—complete separation of church and state," ventures the opinion that "it is doubtful whether the statement will have any substantial effect in improving the Smith presidential prospects. Despite the fact that much of the opposition to Al Smith in the South has been based ostensibly upon his views as to prohibition, it can hardly be doubted that, after all, the opposition is mainly founded upon the fact that Smith is a Catholic." As evidence to the point, the News recalls that, in 1920, the South without hesitation supported Governor Cox although "it was generally known he had a leaning to the wet side." And the Spartanburg Herald, also in South Carolina, agrees that "as President, Al Smith, a Catholic, would be under no sinister influence of the Pope. But there are in this country a great many people who believe he would be influenced, and there is no way to make people who do entertain such opinions abandon them."

The Miami Herald is also dubious about the effect of the Smith letter. "No one could make a fairer statement of the religious attitude which any citizen should take than this by the Catholic Governor of New York," it says. "Whether enough of the voters will accept the statement as it is made, as being the sincere belief of Governor Smith, remains to be seen. When a religious issue has been injected into a campaign, it is unusually difficult to eliminate it."

Over in Alabama, whose opinion Senator Heflin flatters himself that he reflects, the Mobile Register views with regret the reference to religion: "Are we not fighting windmills in this country when we raise this question of religion in our politics? Al Smith's religion has nothing to do with his fitness to be President of the United States. It has no bearing upon his qualifications for the office except in its possible relation to his moral character." The Register feels it "unfortunate that Governor Smith should have been forced to answer an attack upon his qualifications because of his faith as a Catholic; but he is to be commended for the frankness and the fairness with which he has met the issue."

The Birmingham News regards Governor Smith's

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answer as "direct and lucid, comprehensive and convincing . . . just the kind" that Jefferson might have made "to New England theocracy," Lincoln to "some orthodox fanatic," Jackson, Cleveland and Wilson to anti-Calvinists, or McKinley, Taft and Hughes to critics of their religious status. "There may be weighty reasons why Mr. Smith is ineligible for this country's chief magistracy," continues the News, "but his religious faith . . . is not one of these, after the effective fashion in which he has answered his critics. His answer should end all controversy on this particular phase of the subject, not only now, but for all time. In this case, it happens to be Smith the Catholic. It might soon be Strauss the Jew. Only a little later it might be Brown the Protestant."

The Montgomery Advertiser, published in the capital city of Senator Heflin's state, asserts that the Governor's "discussion of his position under the American Constitution and under the Church of Rome should be satisfactory to all citizens except the irreconcilables. Nothing in heaven above or on earth below can satisfy congenital Catholic-baiters, but we fancy that even they are somewhat stunned and for the moment confused by Governor Smith's intelligent and straightforward reply to a series of questions asked him by the shrewd writer in the Atlantic Monthly." The Advertiser asks: "Who can point to an instance of an American Catholic, under oath of allegiance to the Constitution, who has been untrue to his country in order to favor the Church of Rome?" The Selma Times-Journal, in the same state, finds that the Governor's reply is "frank and unequivocal and should effectively eliminate this bone of contention as a subject of controversy in the campaign." The country should rather be interested in Governor Smith's position on the issues of the day, says the Times-Journal, for "nobody believes that, should Governor Smith be elected President of the United States, he would violate his solemn oath to oblige the Pope of Rome."

The Chattanooga (Tennessee) Times believes that "Governor Smith's statement will serve to set many honest and fair-minded Protestants, who have had their 'doubts,' to serious thinking, and will help them to realize that they have been victimized by fanatical propaganda that should have no place in American social and civil life." And the Nashville Tennessean "is persuaded . . . that the Governor's statement . . . is absolutely convincing."

In Mississippi, Kentucky, and elsewhere in the South there is similar editorial approval of the reply to Marshall, the Courier-Journal of Louisville remarking that "if those who raise the question of religion in objection to Governor Smith were anything like as clear-headed and sound-hearted as he, our politics would be degraded no longer by the injection of the religious issue they seek to raise." The Arkansas Gazette of Little Rock, and the Jackson (Mississippi) News maintain with many others that prohibition and not religion is the issue; but papers like the Columbus (Georgia) Enquirer-Sun recall that the South supported President Wilson who vetoed the Volstead Act, and the Greenville (South Carolina) News refers to the support it gave Governor Cox in 1920 despite his views on prohibition.

In all the editorial comment on the Governor's letter in the papers examined there was not a single word derogatory to the character or ability of New York's chief executive, and the Chattanooga Times's assertion that "Governor Smith has proved his words by his works as Governor of New York" finds plenty of specific endorsement and no disputants.

The silence of so many editorial columns on the reply to Marshall is not without significance. The reply was a prominent subject of discussion wherever one went. Editorial comment was expected. Failure to make it was apparently, in most cases, deliberate rather than accidental. Most of the silent editors were, without doubt, not partial to the Smith candidacy. It would require no stretch of the imagination to assume that there were at least a few bigots among them. Their lack of comment is a tribute to the effectiveness of the Governor's reply.

Surprisingly few country weeklies among those coming to my attention the weekend after the release of the letter commented on it; although in most small towns in the South there are few, and often no, Catholics, and criticism of them, either just or unjust, arouses no great resentment. The Dalton (Georgia) Citizen, a weekly published in the North Georgia mountain country in a city where Catholics can perhaps be numbered on the fingers of one hand, makes this comment: "Governor Al Smith's reply to the Marshall questionnaire is not only the reply of a statesman to impertinent questions, but it is the reply of a gentleman deeply sensitive as to his honor and duties as a public servant. Smith is today a bigger man than he was a week ago." There are other weeklies, more than those outside the South may suspect, which agree with the Dalton editor's estimate of the New York Governor and which do not qualify their tributes to him. Most small city papers, weeklies for the most part, maintain that Governor Smith is objectionable, not because of his religion, but because of his views on prohibition or some other issue.

A survey of editorial opinion on the possible candidacy of Governor Smith as it has been discussed in the southern press, not only during the past week, but for the past few years, should convince a reasonable man that friends of the Governor who insist the South is opposing him only because of his religion are doing him poor service. The southern press asserts its belief that the questions raised by the Marshall letter have been settled by Governor Smith's reply. That some of the opposition to him is hypocritical and bigoted, despite assurances to the contrary, there can be no doubt. That most of it, or even a large minority, can be so classed, it is, in my opinion, unjust to assume—unjust not only to the South, but to Governor Smith.

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THE CATHOLIC PEACE PROGRAM

BY WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

OPEN associations for the discussion of the problems that press upon us in these distracted days are highly desirable. All responsible citizens have some fund of common principle. It is most important to consolidate that common fund, and to clarify the issues upon which there is real and proper and respectable divergence. But, before everything else, it is necessary that principles themselves be clarified and stated.

This was the object of the recent meeting at Washington of a provisional committee of Catholics interested in international relations from all over the country, which is now finally constituted under the title, Catholic Association for International Peace. Opening without any blare of journalistic publicity, and with the full consciousness that most of its work lies before it, the executive body of the Association is of a sort whose dignity and impressiveness needs little added comment to recommend it to American citizens. For its first president, the eminent jurist Honorable Martin T. Manton has been selected, while the honorary presidency has been accepted by Bishop Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of Washington, within whose walls the first day's sessions were held, and who welcomed the delegates to their first meeting. In Colonel Francis Riggs, it possesses a secretary who is not only a soldier but a man whose experience in international affairs is of a very practical order.

Everywhere in the eastern states, societies crowd each other for the study of current international events, and of actual international problems. Lecturers swarm on every platform; and, with Dr. Hornbeck of Harvard, one is "amazed at the statements, not of fact, but of opinion" which are advanced and which are seemingly swallowed whole by intelligent audiences. Quite recently (and it is the incident to which Dr. Hornbeck referred) the annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science was told by a speaker that Secretary of State Hughes, in his official policy toward Russia, had been influenced by some former connection, in his private capacity, with "the Standard Oil Company." This is a very serious statement; but in all the large and eminently respectable audience who heard him, no one challenged it but a Catholic priest, Father Edmund Walsh, regent of the Georgetown Foreign Service School, who required, from the floor, immediate substantiation or retractation. That is symptomatic of that kind of audience. The people who make up "the public" in these matters do want to know what are our relations with other countries, but they have learned to fear "secret diplomacy." They are conscious of lack of historical knowledge and of present information. American public opinion is healthy, it is sanely conservative, but it is uninformed and at the mercy of propagandists and theorists against whom it does not know how to defend itself effectively.

These various societies for the study of international relations, foreign policy, higher politics, etc., are formed under the impulse of a strong desire for knowledge upon which to base an intelligent and helpful attitude toward the control of war and the security of peace. The feature wherein these associations fail, without exception, is in the discussion of principle. Opinion is offered, "background" and "foreground" are discussed, procedure is criticized or denounced; sometimes suggestions are formulated or action is urged upon our government. But never is principle analyzed.

The first meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace was designed to secure, first of all, and as an essential without which further proceedings will lack actuality, this analysis. Its program, as stated in the preamble, was "to participate in formulating plans for a permanent Catholic movement in the United States to study relations between nations." Any plan set up for that purpose bristles with difficulties. The first lies in the very name of any organization taking shape out of such a gathering. It is essential that any such group of men identify themselves to the public as Catholic citizens. It is equally essential that the title of their organization convey no false impression to anybody that in what they are doing they speak for the Catholic Church. No body of people within the Catholic communion has the slightest right to commit the general Church to their opinion or ideals, no matter how sound and orthodox, by implying in their name a general Catholic doctrine.

The universal body, the Church, is jealous of the liberty of thought which is its right. The universal body will allow no group within it to wear even the appearance of speaking for it as a whole. Prompt suppression follows any such attempt, conscious or unconscious, a fact which more often than not is completely misinterpreted by Protestants—and many Catholics. These critics take it to mean the reverse of what it actually does mean. To them it signifies a tendency to suppress free thought and liberty of action. Catholics are not restrained from the fullest liberty of thought and action. They only may not contradict that which is laid down by their Divine Founder and definitely pronounced to be such by His appointed guardians of His teaching, under the most stringent safeguards against error. Consequently, with such wide liberty permitted, the general body of the Church must see to it that no group of citizens within it arrogates to itself the right to speak for all.

That point was very clear to the minds of the par-

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ticipants in this first meeting, and was part of the subject of debate on the report of the sub-committee on International Ethics, as was the essential need of clarifying the terminology in use by expounders of the moral law and of positive international law. This sub-committee consisted of: Reverend John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University; Dr. Charles Bruehl; Reverend J. P. Donovan, C.M.; Reverend Cyprian Emanuel, O.F.M.; Reverend Leo Charles Gainor, O.P.; Right Reverend Monsignor Michael J. Grupa; Reverend Linus Lilly, S.J.; Reverend Moorhouse I. X. Millar, S.J.; and Reverend Charles Miltner, C.S.C.

A second sub-committee, that on Sources of International Enmity, was equally conscious of the perils of its subject. A great world war lies immediately behind us. Our country was settled under the memories of the devastating wars of Europe, religious wars, dynastic wars, revolutionary wars, wars arising from growing national consciousness. Great numbers of Americans still live under the shadow of political, religious, and social disabilities arising out of those wars. Sensibilities of all kinds lie very near the surface. Yet they must be touched, exposed, examined, if the sources of international enmity are to be analyzed honestly and helpfully. The sub-committee on Sources of International Enmity was composed of the following members: Dr. Parker T. Moon, of Columbia University; Mr. Frederic R. Coudert; Mr. Frederick Kenkel; Mr. Edward Keating; Dr. Gustave Kosik; and Mr. William Franklin Sands.

The third sub-committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Charles J. Fenwick, of Bryn Mawr, reporting on Conditions and Means of Furthering International Friendship, had, perhaps, the lightest task; for without advocating the superior merits of any particular organization, institution or group movement for furthering peace, it could point out the gratifying steps, the strides forward, that have been made in this direction by nations and groups within nations.

A committee on Procedure was appointed to assemble all these reports and the debates thereon for presentation with recommendations to the Executive Committee. The members of the Procedure Committee were: Mr. William Franklin Sands, Dr. Herbert Wright, Mr. Benedict Elder, Reverend Gregory Feige, Mr. William F. Roemer, and Reverend Moorhouse I. X. Millar, S.J.

This meeting wisely decided that all reports be considered as reports to the general body, not yet as reports by the conference. It was considered that, in view of the importance of the whole subject, publicity should not be premature. It is intended, however, that when the work of this conference shall have been thoroughly digested, its activity shall continue soberly, carefully, steadily, it may well be said prayerfully.

Bishop Dowling's warm support gave powerful impetus. The Eucharistic Congress gave occasion for the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference to raise the question of organization. A meeting was called at Cleveland by the National Council of Catholic Men and National Council of Catholic Women; at this meeting, Judge Manton of New York, Colonel P. H. Callahan of Kentucky, and Reverend R. A. McGowan set up a provisional program which was then opened for discussion most appropriately at the Catholic University and under the patronage and honorary presidency of the Right Reverend Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, its rector.

ITALY AND ALBANIA

By MARTYN HEMPHILL

THE controversy which has arisen between the Italian and Jugo-Slav governments over the internal affairs of Albania, and which has provided rich fodder for scare-mongers and war-prophets throughout Europe, may subside as suddenly as it arose. The peoples of Europe have learned the great lesson of the world war, and "War Clouds in the Balkans," though they may provide as sensational a headline as ever, cannot be regarded as more than a specious excuse put forward by some modern Machiavelli to further his ultimate political aims. There is not a single nation in Europe today—certainly not one whose territories lie outside the Balkan region—which wants to be drawn into any conflict whatsoever, least of all a conflict arising out of some Balkan quarrel. Yet, out of sheer force of habit, the mere fact that the quarrel had its origin in the Balkans sends a shudder of apprehension through the chancelleries of Europe.

It would be unduly alarmist to see any real danger of another European conflagration in the situation caused by the action of Italy in protesting formally to the Great Powers against certain activities aiming at the overthrow of the present Albanian President, Ahmed Zoglou. But there can be no denying the fact that the present diplomatic tension is no more than the acute stage of a malady that is endemic in the Adriatic region. In November, 1921, the Council of Ambassadors recognized that the integrity of Albanian territory, as laid down by the post-war treaties, was a matter of international concern. In a formal pact, the representatives of England, France, Italy, and Japan agreed to leave the task of defending Albania to Italy under certain prescribed conditions. According to this document, any infringement of Albania's territorial or economic rights was to be brought before the Council of the League of Nations. Should an armed intervention be required by the council, the signatory powers engaged their representatives on the council

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to agree that the task be confided to Italy. In view of the strategical position of Albania on the Adriatic coast facing eastern Italy, it was further agreed that, even in the case of the council deciding against an armed intervention in Albania, the signatory powers should reconsider the matter among themselves. Briefly, in 1921, the Great Powers sitting in the Council of Ambassadors guaranteed the "status quo" in Albania, to the exclusion of outside—which clearly meant Greek or Jugo-Slav—interference, and constituted the Italian army a "fairy godmother," who should watch over the infant people of Albania.

Albania cannot be described as a rich country. There is some attempt at a passable line of communication between its capital, Tirana, and the chief seaport, Durazzo. The rest of the country may be traversed on a mule, given a certain measure of courage and a good sense of direction. The Albanian people are said to have retained the Homeric tradition of hospitality. It is difficult to find evidence of any other traces of Greek culture among them. They are renowned for their blood-feuds and for little else, save the impossibility of either establishing an efficient government among them or attaching them to any of the neighboring kingdoms. Albania is united (or separated from, as the case may be) her neighbors, Italy and Jugo-Slavia, by sea and mountain, respectively. She has little geographical connection with either of them. Yet, neither can allow its rival to control that uninviting strip of mountain territory along the Adriatic coast.

The beginning of the present conflict between Rome and Belgrade dates back to last December, when Mussolini surprised the chancelleries of the world by announcing the signature of the Pact of Tirana between Italy and the actual ruler of Albania, one Ahmed Zoglou. This pact handed over the economic exploitation of Albania to Italy, in return for an agreement on the latter's part that she would take measures to protect the then existing government of Albania against any attempt at its overthrow from within or without. The economic concessions were more valuable than the foregoing description of the country might indicate, owing to the fact that reports of the discovery of oil had recently come from various regions. Politically, the treaty was at once a surprise to Europe and a threat to the stability of the Balkans, as was immediately pointed out by the Jugo-Slav government. Ahmed Zoglou, though a strong ruler and reputed to be honest after his fashion, had been set up in the face of considerable popular opposition from the Jugo-Slav government. His predecessor, Monsignor Fan Noli, had fled to Italy and for many months received the covert support of the Fascist government. Ahmed Zoglou is a large proprietor and a Mussulman. As such, he has never met with much sympathy from the Catholic and Greek Orthodox population, which form a strong peasant party, with the usual ramifications of interstate intrigue that constitute the background of Balkan politics. Guaranteeing the position of Ahmed Zoglou meant that Mussolini took it upon himself, sooner or later, to send Italian troops into Albania. On the face of things, the overthrow of Zoglou was sure to be attempted in a short time, either by the peasants from within or by one or another of the Comitadgi (Balkan Revolutionary Committees) from without, or even by both acting in concert.

No doubt can possibly have lurked in the mind of the Italian premier as to the conduct of Jugo-Slavia in the event of an Italian incursion into Albania. For years, the great aspiration of the three nations, the Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes, has been to attain an independent democratic government and to possess an outlet to the sea for their people. Poor as the few ports on the rocky Dalmatian coast may be, they would be rendered absolutely useless, in the political sense, were Italy to take possession of Albania and so bottle up the Adriatic and make it virtually an Italian lake. Furthermore, the entry of an outsider into the Balkans, be he Turk, Austrian or Italian, has always been, and seems likely to remain, the signal for a general upheaval.

Both the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs are more or less convinced of the justice of their cause. Happily, the government of Belgrade has acted with praiseworthy sang-froid in offering to provide absolute proof of its innocence in the face of Italian accusations. The rumor that Italy will immediately withdraw from the League of Nations if the proofs are offered to that body still requires official confirmation, and there is considerable hope in the report in League circles at Geneva and the Hague that Downing Street has addressed to Premier Mussolini on the Albanian question "the stiffest note the British have written since the Armistice." Russia, the "big brother" to whom the Slavs, great and little, were accustomed to turn in time of trouble, is temporarily out of the running. But neither London, Paris, nor Berlin would care to see a struggle begin in the Balkans whose extent and result none of them could pretend to foresee.

Unless and until Italy lands troops in Albania, the crisis cannot be said to have reached an acute stage. The question of whether Ahmed Zoglou is a President or an exile seems hardly worth a feeling of insecurity in the Balkans whose reactions must involve every power, directly or indirectly, and be felt, not only in Europe, but in nearer Asia as well. Some measure of political moderation, in Italy and out of it, seems to be the desideratum for the moment. The claims of Italy, with an overflowing population, a tradition of influence in eastern Europe that dates back to the day of Venetian and Genoese splendor, and commercial ambitions like those her neighbors gratified years ago, need a less sulky recognition in Europe than they receive. But their chances of peaceful realization will be not less but greater if the Duce, whose word is Italy's only present law, contrives to sprinkle a saving shower of cool patience upon the heat and flame of his country's distemper.

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WHEN HOLLYWOOD TURNS HOLY LAND

By R. DANA SKINNER

OPINION will probably be sharply divided on the attempt of Cecil B. DeMille to put on the screen those episodes in the life of Christ which heretofore have been presented only by such earnest and devoted players as the Oberammergau group. It is not difficult to pay full-hearted tribute to Alexander Woollcott for his review of this motion picture in which he said, "I found watching it a distinctly distasteful experience. Indeed, The King of Kings made me just a little sick." It is rare, indeed, for Mr. Woollcott to wander from the by-paths of legitimate drama in New York in order to give us his impressions of motion pictures. He brings to his review, in this case, the benefit of a judgment based upon theatrical values in their broadest sense. One cannot but admire him more for speaking out honestly. Yet I do feel that in all fairness he is not taking quite enough account of the finer qualities of the picture itself, nor of the effect which it may have upon minds less sensitively attuned than his own, and less capable, because less imaginative, of summoning up a mental picture of the most important events recorded in the world's history.

There are people—thousands of them—whose form of religious worship supplies them with none of the pictorial reminders which human nature seems to crave. The Catholic, accustomed as he is to the Crucifix, the Stations of the Cross and the paintings which for generations have sprung from the devotion of the greatest artists, cannot well escape a constant and vivid mental picture of the Passion. To be sure, the reminders to which he is accustomed are static. They do not convey outwardly the motion and the sequence of drama. But through the constant exercise of even the most primitive forms of meditation, he is accustomed to supplying, through his stimulated imagination, all the connecting episodes of this supreme event. To the Catholic, then, whose power of forming mental images has received this constant training, and to those who, like Mr. Woollcott, have developed through the channels of art and creative criticism a similar faculty of imagination, the concrete detail of a presentation such as The King of Kings will do violence to a much more vivid and sacred mental image already existing.

Mr. Woollcott gives the key to his own feeling in the closing words of his review when he says, "So potent is the human imagination when playing fondly with its tattered dolls, not all the sorcery of DeMille nor all the fortune at his command could make of H. B. Warner a figure half so illusive, half so full of wonder, as the streak of light that used to come out of the wings in Ben-Hur." This, if you will notice, is only another way of saying that the streak of light in Ben-Hur left Mr. Woollcott's mental image intact, something precious and sacred to himself, something undisturbed by details, gesture, make-up, or surroundings. We all know the emotional shock we receive when seeing for the first time a photograph of some writer or other distinguished person whom we have hitherto idolized. Yet such a photograph is a thousand stages nearer to reality than any actor's impersonation. After all, we can trace in the eyes or the mouth or the contour of face of really great persons something that is reminiscent of the particular quality in them that has always appealed to us. Their true character, as they have revealed it to us in their work, will inevitably look out at us, even though masked, from their photograph. Yet even so, we dislike to have our mental image disturbed. And how vastly more true this is when we come to any representation of the Man of Sorrows.

Even at the Passion Play of Oberammergau, as I witnessed it in 1910, where every safeguard that spiritual devotion can throw about a work is granted, there was a certain shock at the first spoken words of the man impersonating Christ. In time this shock passes off. One becomes absorbed in the movement of the drama, hardly hearing the words, and regarding it as a great and glowing pantomime hallowed by reverence. In the screen production of The King of Kings, one is spared, fortunately, the shock of spoken words. To that extent the screen becomes, perhaps, a better medium than the stage for the presentation of a Passion Play. There is no inherent reason why a motion picture of this subject should not be impressive and even awe-inspiring. It could, if properly handled, leave more of our mental image intact than the medium of the speaking stage.

But Mr. DeMille has, I think, failed singularly to make use of the full opportunity which he set for himself. First of all, it was quite unnecessary to select a well-known actor to represent the figure of Christ. I am sure that Mr. Woollcott is not alone in confessing, "an utter inability to forget for one moment that this was none other than the Jimmy Valentine of yesteryear, none other than our old friend H. B. Warner." Humanly speaking, it is quite impossible to disassociate a known actor from his previous rôles. Something in his gesture or look is sure to betray a whole series of previous impersonations. Only the utterly unknown actor, trained and coached, if you will, for this one task as if it were his only life task, could allow us to forget for a moment the distinction between the man himself and the character he is acting. No matter what beauty may sweep through occasional scenes of The King of Kings, I, for one, can never forget those moments, in close-ups, when Mr. Warner's beard stood out unmistakably as being glued to his face, or when his flowing hair became—a wig! Is it possible that

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Mr. DeMille could not have learned the simplest of all lessons from the Oberammergau Players in abandoning make-up? Is it possible that in this whole country and with his immense resources he could not have found one man ready to approach this task with enough devotion to let his hair and beard grow as the Oberammergau Players do—an utterly unknown man who would recall nothing distracting from the past and give only the poignant illusion of the moment?

Mr. DeMille's second great failure is in attempting to inject new drama into a simple story which no dramatist may ever hope to approach. Here particularly I cannot find better words than Mr. Woollcott's to describe the results of having Miss Jeanie McPherson remodel the greatest epic of all times. "Here," says Mr. Woollcott, "is the deathless story told without so much as a hint of the woeful understanding that Christ was crucified by the machinations of no mere ten, twent', thirt' villain, but by all the smugness and meanness and poltroonery that was in the Jerusalem of His time, just as ever since, in every land and every age, He is crucified afresh." Miss McPherson would have it that Judas Iscariot was a young and wealthy blade of Jerusalem and formerly a lover of Mary Magdalene, joining the Apostles solely in the hope of seeing Christ crowned the temporal ruler of the Jews and of becoming himself a sort of prime minister. Miss McPherson would also have it that the Crucifixion was brought about chiefly through the personal villainy of the high priest Caiaphas. How desperately these assumptions cheapen and minimize the whole tragedy of the Atonement! How curiously they narrow the application of a theme broader than mankind itself, to the limits of personal avarice!

In a third way, Mr. DeMille has again failed through as sordid a catering to popular appeal as he could possibly have permitted himself in handling a theme such as this. I refer, of course, to the opening scenes of the film in which the early life of Mary Magdalene is dwelt upon in glorious detail, in a form which can be described only as Hollywood's idea of what Cleopatra must have been. I do not imply that the scenes themselves are any worse than those contained in a thousand other motion pictures dealing with world-famous vampires. But in all those thousand other pictures, there is not one which, from the first, is knowingly and consciously leading up to a climax of sublime spiritual truth. Certainly there is not one that is planning a few moments later to bring before our eyes, in all reverence and humility, the image of Christ.

We must, however, be fair to Mr. DeMille. There is no denying the pictorial grandeur of some of his scenes, nor the occasional sorrowful beauty of others, nor the sense of reality which pervades the picture whenever the Central Figure appears at a distance, surrounded by the symbolized love and hatred of humanity. There are probably many people who will be caught up to a new realization of Christ the King through the instrumentality of this picture—simply because, wanting a better means, their imaginations have lost the vivid intimacy of His perpetual presence. Lack of that artistry for which even the humblest crave, lack of taste, and blindness to the power of the suggested rather than the seen—these glaring defects must be charged against Mr. DeMille's film. But one may still hope that even these faults will not defeat whatever was sound and reverent in its purpose.

THE LAY READER

By HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

AS AN ex-officio observer of affairs spiritual in a great metropolitan university, I am convinced that growing companies of lay students are seeking in the intellectual tradition of the Church an appeasement of the hunger that a diet of cellular philosophy has utterly failed to satisfy. Young Catholics at the universities are dedicating themselves to the task of rediscovering the literature of the Church, mining it out of obscure theological libraries, translating it when necessary, discussing it excitedly in their clubs and dormitories, and distilling from it an effective antidote to the poisonous folly now streaming from the contemporary press.

This lay renaissance cannot yet be called a movement; it has no recognized leaders, and its members are still too young to be completely articulate. But the first vibrations of a gestating force are being recognized by a few delicately membraned teachers and by the most sympathetic of the clergy, who regard this return to the golden age of Catholic literature as an important and salutary adventure in education.

Animated by a robust spiritual energy, these young men are familiarizing themselves with the source material of Catholic culture. They have determined to examine for themselves the gigantic superstructure of ethics and metaphysics resting upon the foundations of revelation and faith. And their ratio studiorum is nothing more or less than a word-for-word perusal of the patristic, scholastic and modern literature of Catholicism. None of these young men feel that they have any particular vocation to the priesthood, nor have they any desire to make Christian doctrine a speculative or controversial matter. They merely want to know as much of that doctrine as their finite intelligence can comprehend. They are the nucleus of a future laity, a laity that will be savagely intolerant of intellectual sloth, a laity to whom the unexamined spiritual life is the not-possible spiritual life. It is the

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ultimate hope of these young men, who have taken Augustine as their model, to lead the cleansing river of Catholic culture into the stables of modern life, to sweep away confusion and bad odors, and, finally, to bring to the attention of 20,000,000 Catholics the fact that the broadest blade of poetry and the stoutest levers of dialectic are peculiarly and incontrovertibly the property of the Catholic Church.

Possibly these young students who have discovered Catholic literature for themselves are doing nothing that the students of a hundred former generations have not done. Perhaps these earnest translators of mediaeval hymns and patristic philosophers are only meddling with matters that were best left uncontaminated by the modern touch. But the total impression one gets from their researches, their discoveries and their "papers" is much the same as one gets from reading accounts of Newton's Oxford or Abelard's Paris. The movement is characterized, first of all, by a lively enthusiasm for Catholic literature, as such. Second, it shows a determination to plumb this inexhaustible sea of poetry and philosophy, and to become familiar with the best that has been thought and said concerning the great mysteries and beauties of the Faith. And lastly, this band of Young Catholics seems to have a fresh realization of the priceless heritage that the Church confers on her humblest aspirants—a heritage not only of sacramental grace, and of superb liturgical poetry addressed to the eye and ear, but a concrete body of culture as well, sufficient to sustain the most active intelligence and efficacious to soothe the most turbulent spirit.

No one can say precisely how or when the first stirrings were noticed. Columbia, Dartmouth, the University of Texas—these, among others, seem to be most articulate in their utterance of the renaissance. Personally, I am best acquainted with that little handful of Columbia undergraduates who used to meet nightly in the ill-equipped library of Newman Hall, and there, without coaching or direction, painfully go over five or six pages of Bernard's De Amori Dei, or pluck a blossom or two along the route of Bonaventura's Itinerarium Mentis. Perhaps it was the influence of a great Catholic-minded instructor (then slowly feeling his way from Canterbury to Rome) who used to meet a few students in his room and read to them from some intricately illuminated Book of Hours, or open a midnight conversation with a provocative comment on Augustine's treatment of the Will. I only know that I, among others, felt at Columbia the glowing presence of a new-old Catholic culture whose rays revealed the warped ugliness of much that was neither culture nor Catholic. My friends and I ransacked the Butler library (the gift of Nicholas Murray Butler) and found it rich in Catholic reference works. But we eschewed mere commentary; we wanted the solid food of the originals. One day Father Riley, the chaplain of Newman Hall, told us about the excellent library of the Paulist community on Fifty-ninth Street. From that time forward we laid siege to the Paulist bookshelves, and to the great disgust of the librarian we usually found what we were looking for. Because the volumes were not to be taken from the room, we had to read them where we found them. Standing in the murk of this treasure-vault, we read all of Teresa's magical autobiography, and as much of Peter Lombard's Sentences as we could understand. The neo-Platonists and their Logos came in for a good doing, to prepare us for Aquinas on The Word. Here, too, we read the sermons of the social-minded Chrysostom and the casuistries of Liguori, and here we first campaigned with Ignatius on his weary marches across Spain. Anselm, the great Albert who made Aquinas's work possible, and the pious Ambrose—we laid them all under contribution, and resolved to translate for posterity anything that seemed to us of striking beauty or truth. But because we could not speak with the tongues of men and angels, our translations somehow did not carry, and now they lie in notebooks, waiting to be rephrased into spirited English by a younger and better race of Catholic students.

But actually something had been accomplished, and that accomplishment is only the beginning of a Young Catholic idea which is at this moment spreading over the United States. And that idea is concerned not merely with the past, but with every modern development in politics, science and literature as it affects the Catholic Church. There are, on the quadrangles of American colleges, literally hundreds of students who will tell you that the pathology of Freud, Adler, and Jung cannot prevail against the calm of Thomas à Kempis, and who know intimately the ramifications of Mercier's great labors in Thomistic psychology. These young men realize that Mencken sounds ludicrously tinny after the eloquence of Lacordaire. And I have sat in many classrooms (on the infallible side of the desk) trying to conceal my delight when a Young Catholic would take command of a metaphysical discussion, and proceed to give a lucid and cogent presentation of the classic Catholic point of view.

That there is no opposition between faith and the exercise of the intelligence is, of course, a truism, and in the best Catholic tradition it has always been regarded as such. But unfortunately there still persists in some quarters the remnants of a prejudice against the exploring layman, the private citizen whose lean intellectual flank shows that he "thinks too much." The Young Catholics, the shrewdest body of lay readers that has yet come out of America, would destroy the last tendril of this prejudice. No part of the literature or learning or piety of the Church is outside of their province. Infinite in beauty, terrible in truth, the vast stores of Catholic culture must be appraised by the lay reader if Catholicism is to flourish and expand vigorously in America; so declare these stern young giants who will spare neither themselves nor anyone else in mastering the complexities of this greatest of Truths. Naturally, much exegesis is needed,

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and this can come only from learned specialists. "Let us have in the specialists, then," cry the students. And so the great man, lay or cleric, comes to put his finger on the difficulty and to state the position of the Church. "Languages must be learned, to understand the genesis of forms, concepts, institutions. Dialectic is needed. Let us then begin with logic, and study the syllogism and sorites until we are familiar with the workings of the scholastic mind." And thus it goes, each lay reader being most faithful to himself and his religion by employing such faculties as he possesses in scaling the intellectual ladder that the mighty Aquinas thought it a privilege to ascend.

What this embryo movement will lead to, who can tell? It is not a boom, and the young men who are most deeply interested in it are not boosters. From sore need, often in great spiritual anguish, they have been obliged to make their way slowly, in libraries and seminars, as well as in chapels; resolving in the quietness of their souls to understand, as far as the human intelligence is able, the beautiful, organic mystery that is the Catholic Church. They are the lay readers, the forerunners, let us hope, of a great Catholic revival.

Prayer for a Lonely Night

Now, down the singing boulevards of dream,
Of memory, and of memory's phantasies,
(O singing boulevards, O soaring thoroughfares
From far ways winning toward the altar of this night.)
Moves what a throng of unforgotten friends,
Moves what a brave if motley company!
(O knightly wanderers, generous of life,
O saints and sinners, givers and beggars, come—
Come, up the soaring thoroughfares of dream,
Come down the singing boulevards and bear
Your strange gifts to the moonlit altar-stone.)

Golden cups of song and silvered sorrow,
Flashing hopes, and flowering staffs of faith,
And gems of precious prayer, luminous
With courage, dark with pain. All these they bring
Sacrifice and remembrance. The night thrills!
And here I stand and they shall speak to me
In parables. (O generous of life,
O princely beggars, gallant troubadours
Called from the spacious ways of memory
Come, through the throbbing night. Lay bare your hearts
That we may know and own our brotherhood.)

O make me ready, God, to take their gifts—
To guide them to the moonlit altar-stone,
And vigil keep there, till night's shadowed walls
Fall, to reveal the citadel of day.
And give me heart, Thou, in that hour when they
Are gone, and I alone must go beside
Some rocky, wave-washed cavern's untrod nave;
There, face in the wind and ankles in the sea,
To pray amid the apathy of space.
O give me heart, Thou, in that hour when I
Must summon all my voice and speak—for them.

VINCENT ENGELS.

COMMUNICATIONS

MORALITY AND THE LAW

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial of March 30, indicating an indifference to the efforts of the legal profession to raise the standards of admission to the bar; The Prevalence of Perjury, by Mr. Mark O. Shriver, in your issue of April 6; the communication of Mr. John B. Sanborn, reflecting on the editorial; and the contribution of Mr. Charles J. Byrnes, in the same issue, referring to state rights and the Eighteenth Amendment, are all interrelated and pertinent to the larger subject of good government.

Mr. Sanborn was not by any means the only member of the bar who was shocked to find The Commonweal subscribing editorially to the defunct "Lincoln argument" in favor of low standards of admission to the practice of law. No thoughtful lawyer will find it easy to agree with you or to disagree with the secretary of the Counsel of Legal Education and Admissions to the Bar of the American Bar Association.

Theoretically, ours is a government of laws—not men; but the administration of laws depends upon men—not government. Broadly, the science of law is the science of justice. The science of justice is the science of government. The breakdown of either means but one thing—war.

The idea isn't new. It has been restated on every page of every history and on nearly every stone and scroll that has ever been unearthed. Indeed, litigation itself is often referred to as a form of peaceful warfare, though I suspect that it is not always as peaceful as the analogy would imply.

Life is a struggle with the forces of nature in the pursuit of happiness—temporal and eternal. The sphere of the battle is immaterial—the requirement is men.

Now, either the law is a learned profession or it is not. If it is not, then your editorial will do. If it is, then we need men—real men; trained men; learned men.

Mr. Shriver points to the prevalence of perjury and believes that the performance of so small a commission as the administration of a notarial oath requires men.

Mr. Sanborn points to the failure of character and believes that in every department of the administration of justice, every detail requires men—real men; trained men, learned men—men competent to lead in the unceasing struggle for justice—in the peaceful war to end war.

Conceding that The Commonweal is quite correct in its general implication that character is to be found among those in every walk of life, it remains a fact that it must be found.

To date, the best method of determining professional fitness is by probation and examination, and this applies to all professions, without distinction. It applies, for example, and especially, to the ministry, to medicine, to engineering, to the army and to the navy—then why not to the law?

Why, the glory of our priesthood is its character. Even Loyola put character and learning before mere ability, though he required all three as a prerequisite to membership in "The Company" from the very beginning.

Is the editor of The Commonweal to be numbered among those who would argue for "the old-fashioned family doctor" as against the modern medical scientist, on the ground of either character or learning?

Why, most of the old medicine men were mere charlatans —ignorant exponents of a claptrap, comparable almost with witchcraft. But, thanks to the work of men like Mendel, Virchow, Koch, Ehrlich, Pasteur, the type is all but extinct.

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Does Mr. Byrnes believe for a moment that if the Sixty-fifth Congress had been made up of men like Franklin, Rush, Jefferson, Marshall, Hamilton, Roosevelt, Farrand, Hadley and Butler, the Constitution of the United States could have been stultified by such an undemocratic and unworkable affront to minority opinion and resentment as the Eighteenth Amendment? Well, if he does, he is woefully uninformed about the methods that were employed in "putting it over" and the lack of professional character and learning of those who succumbed to the pressure of those methods.

Now, all that we of the American Bar ask is that we shall have the encouragement and help of periodicals of the character of The Commonweal and men of the calibre of its distinguished editor in our all-too-obstructed efforts to elevate the practice of a profession that is surpassed only by the ministry and medicine in public importance. We ask for public support in applying to the law the same tests of character and learning that are applied to the other learned professions.

Time has proved, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the best methods of applying such tests are, as stated, by probation and examination—in schools, academies, and colleges conducted only on the highest plane in support of the highest ideals.

The time for the legal charlatan to join the medical charlatan is at hand, and those of us who are familiar with the conditions that prevail in the courts and elsewhere in the law, and who deplore those conditions, are of one mind—to the effect that the remedy must begin with the upbuilding of the character and learning of the individual members of the legal profession.

JOHN M. GIBBONS.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—As your valued periodical has either editorially or as a news item covered nearly every phase of a public question, it occurred to me that perhaps it would prove of interest to revive the question of a contributory old-age pension for deserving men and women, especially fathers and mothers whose sacrifices are worthy of recognition in a substantial manner without their becoming a burden to the community, or dependent on charity.

Except for those already enjoying the privilege of a pension or award from a private enterprise, city, state, or nation, provision could be made by each state to provide from its surplus for the care of the aged, where the law compelling children to contribute a specified sum for support of parents is not in effect, under a commission that would investigate circumstances, to establish the residence in the state for a specified period of the beneficiaries. This commission would be part of an already recognized institution of the state, similar in character to a board of public welfare.

The sum could be provided in any manner agreed upon by our legislative body, or by an increased poll tax, or poll tax for women; while commercial activities of an extensive character could arrange to provide for an amount equal to that contributed by employees, who could participate in its use at an advanced age, or because of infirmities and protracted illness, which would lessen the burden of the state and local charity.

This would, in my opinion, exemplify charity in its truest sense and prove beyond question that the heart of the American people, despite the criticism of other nations, is in keeping with the teachings of Divine Providence, on which fundamentally rests the Constitution of the United States.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

THE HARRISBURG CONFERENCE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Your comment on the Harrisburg regional Conference on Industrial Problems was hardly accurate. Most of the attention was not given to labor unions. I sat through all the sessions. The first session gave over most of its time to a consideration of how common labor can best be benefited. The second session divided time between a plan of non-union profit-sharing and the relation of the industrial revolution to family life. The third session took up business ethics, the non-union Mitten Plan and labor unionism. The fourth session was a symposium on labor problems. The fifth session was given over to addresses on the relation of the government and the Constitution to industrial rights and duties, the place of the Catholic Church in industrial life, and an account of methods to harmonize the interests of capital and labor.

Nor are you accurate when you say that opposition to the accepted teachings, let us say, of the bishops' program and the pastoral letter is "never heard from at these conferences." This could only have been written by a person who has not attended a single meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. Indeed it could have been written only by a person who has never read the prepared speeches in the printed proceedings of the conference. Take it from one who is secretary of the organization and who at the same time is a convinced believer in the bishops' program and the section on industrial relations in the pastoral letter, and who has been present at every meeting of the Conference on Industrial Problems, that you are wrong in making this statement.

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN.

THE BATTLE IN GOTHAM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Indeed it is not my intention to "instruct Catholic Americans," as your Los Altos correspondent suggests. I am calling attention, rather, to a group of people who, with the Heflins, etc., make life a little hard for American Catholics: whose sour pugnacity and whose use of religion as a vehicle for political advancement create Heflins and make their existence natural and reasonable.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THANKS TO MISS ANGLIN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The readers of The Commonweal owe a special debt of gratitude to Miss Anglin for her intelligent remarks concerning the stage, and the many controversies regarding it—for what she said, quoting from the Germans, "had hands and feet." One almost wishes that her words might be put in pamphlet form, and handed to the passerby.

ALICE WARREN.

A SUGGESTION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—May I make a little suggestion? Now that Mr. Marshall's letter in the Atlantic Monthly has brought to the fore the point of the civic loyalty of Catholics, we might do well to read over again Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk (Difficulties of Anglicans, volume two) wherein the question is handled by a master.

EDWIN RYAN.

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POEMS

The Little Peoples

Sometimes through years, sometimes within a year
The little hunted nations leave their walls,
A tumult lifts them, sends them flying far,
Wailing and cursing, till a silence falls.

Poor motes, poor dust! the alleys of the world
Have seen them sifting in by twos and threes,
Till the dim floors were boughs of nightingales,
And the dark walls were cuts of Calvaries.

Drifts of dark eyes, and soft, pure, sobbing tongues,
Eddies of boding hearts are blown along,
Dumb in their rage of peace, they dream and brood,
Till agony breaks through in stone or song.

Dust of all lands, made common in the sky,
Caught in the air, its country none may know.
It is the heart of dew, the core of rain.
It is the eastern and the western glow.

O little mournful ones, you have no lands,
But all the earth is yours to have and hold,
Your grief lets fall the softness of its rain,
You wash our empty wests with stain of gold.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

Fidelitas

We are old friends now, Loneliness and I;
We know each other's moods. Our hands can meet
In understanding, silent and complete.
Together we have watched long days go by,
And seen the moon send heartache through the sky;
Together we have walked paths bittersweet
With longing, and I know that I shall greet
This constant friend until the day I die.
Once I had thought to lose him, when you came
And loved away the longing from my heart;
But I have need of friend and lover, too,
For Loneliness has learned to speak your name
And, on those days when we are far apart,
I talk with him, as friend to friend, of you.

KATHARINE C. TERRY.

When I Was Young

When I was young,
I thought all men were kings,
Who would defend the wonders of this world
And go with every flag unfurled
To fight against dark things.

And now—
Ah, toast me with the red wine of renown!
I, too, have lost my crown.

THOMAS HEALY.

For D. L.

Like some old flagon of rare wine
The friendship cup is passed between,
We quaff a hearty anodyne
To life's vicissitudes—serene
And steadfast underneath the vine.

We meet and part and meet once more,
And though for me the moon is set
Upon a mountain-top before
It walks for you on mignonette
Along some white Italian shore. . .

The spirit knows no sundering,
And still the echo of the word
On flashing wing comes thundering,
While up and down, the world is heard
To answer, hushed and wondering.

So here's a health, lad, love and song
For all your days upon the earth.
And in your heart your whole life long
May hope endure, and youth and mirth—
And triumph's feet be swift and strong.

BYRNE MARCONNIER.

Mirabilia

Ever since Plato there have been a few,
Self-exiled in the world, who have divined
That Triple Name the Eleusinians knew,
Before whose glory even they stood blind.
They serve the Undemonstrable, perplexed
Neither by Paracelsus nor by those
Who preach confusion from a Gothic text,
With many a lesser Frater of the Rose.

Our eyes, not theirs, have lost the gift of sight;
No temple save our own has been defiled;
The garlands that we wove, the wine we poured,
Are gone with many another lovely rite;
And we forget how, trustful as a child,
Blake parleyed with the angels of the Lord.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Quest

We with unquiet hearts and with no ease
In our blood, must search forever for a friend
Whose gentle and unknowing heart may lend
Our hearts the shadow of its secret peace.

Where are the men whose blood runs smooth, whose bones
Are straight and filled with sun instead of fire,
The men who have this peace that we desire,
The wise, the natural, the thoughtless ones?

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Right You Are if You Think You Are

ALMOST any way you look at it, this play by Pirandello violates all the canons of Broadway success. It speculates throughout three acts on the abstract nature of truth; it has virtually (or should we say virtuously?) no sex interest; one of its two principal characters is insane; it has the longest title, bar none, of the season; it has an "unhappy" ending. All of which probably accounts for the fact that it is one of the marked successes of the Theatre Guild season and, by and large, a rarely amusing, trenchant play. Such is the practical value of Broadway canons!

Undoubtedly Signor Pirandello, who likes to appear baffling, thinks he has demonstrated in this three-act "parable" the utter relativity of truth. One suspects that is why so modern-minded a group as the Theatre Guild took special delight in presenting it, for it is part of the mood of the day to flout all objective standards in the interests of private judgment. How comforting to convince yourself that what you want to believe is true, and then to act on the assurance that it is true because you think it is! Unfortunately (for the moderns) Pirandello has demonstrated only one thing—that he can write a highly diverting play. He leaves the matter of truth just where he found it, divided as it always has been, into one kind that is relative, because it depends on imperfect personal observation, and another kind that is quite absolute and easily arrived at because it is objective. In brief, Pirandello is puzzling only to those who like to puzzle themselves by never defining words, or by using one word a half a dozen times to mean a half a dozen separate things. It is like using "bread" one minute to mean food in general, the next to mean a baker's loaf, a third time to mean hot-cross buns, and then concluding with the triumphant statement that there is no one who can possibly know just exactly what bread is after all. Such is advanced modern thought!

Now here is the story of Right You Are in a nutshell. The busybodies of a small Italian town are disturbed because of the domestic arrangements of Signor Ponza, his wife and his mother-in-law. He and his wife live in a dingy tenement; his mother-in-law in a comfortable apartment. And although he visits his mother-in-law, Signora Frola, every day, he never allows her to see her own daughter. Of course this is nobody's business and promptly becomes everybody's business. Almost in tears, Signora Frola explains that Ponza is insane, that after an earthquake had separated him from his wife, he was unable to recognize her and now thinks he is married to a second wife. Later, Ponza explains that it is Signora Frola who is insane, that her daughter really did die, and that he is only trying to preserve her illusion that his second wife is really her daughter. In the last act, the daughter herself explains by saying, "I am Signora Frola's daughter; to Ponza, I am his second wife; and to myself I am nobody," whereat the urbane Laudisi, a character who always speaks for the author, asks ironically if all are now satisfied that they have the truth!

Pirandello extracts a large and delightful slice of comedy from this whole situation, the befuddlement of the gossips, the confusion of identities, the hopeless conflict of evidence, and the cynical observations of Laudisi. Enough of tragedy also lurks in the lives of the Ponzas to give the play the wine of emotional intensity. There are certain scenes of rare dramatic poignancy and others of highly strung suspense. Your disappointment is confined to the curtain lines just quoted, from which you suddenly discover that the whole structure rests on a play on words. Quite true, the daughter is leading two lives. She is helping Ponza to preserve his illusion at the tremendous sacrifice of never seeing her own mother, and of giving up her right to live forthrightly as her own self. This is tragedy. It is also an admission that what appears true to Ponza is not true to his wife or to Signora Frola. But as a play about objective truth, seeking to justify its own title, what has it accomplished? Nothing—unless you feel it necessary to defend the oldest of truisms that things are not always what they seem. We can almost see father Aristotle laughing up his toga at Signor Pirandello's tardy rediscovery of an age-old axiom!

The Guild first put on this play for special matinees, as a sort of trial balloon in deference to supposed Broadway taste. Success was so prompt that it is now on the regular evening bill as one of the six current Guild plays, alternating weekly at the Garrick with Mr. Pim Passes By. The important parts of Ponza and Signora Frola are taken by Edward G. Robinson and Beryl Mercer—and their work fairly bristles with distinction. Miss Mercer has a quality of tender simplicity approached by very few actresses. Those who remember her as Queen Victoria, or as the mother in Outward Bound, will know what to expect in the tragic little figure that is Signora Frola. But I venture they will find even more than they expect. As to Mr. Robinson, it is one of those baffling mysteries why the Guild should allow him to leave the permanent company next season. Quite on a par with Alfred Lunt and Dudley Digges in general ability, he is the most versatile actor I have seen on the New York stage. Whether as the lecherous Caesar in Androcles, the virile Diaz in Maximilian, the epileptic in the Brothers Karamazov or the dynamically insane Ponza in the present play, he has the inborn faculty of getting so completely inside his part as to submerge his own personality entirely. He is one of the few actors who pass beyond impersonation to the real artistry of interpretation. For the rest, the Guild has lavished on this stimulating play a cast including, and delightfully, Clare Eames, Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Dudley Digges, and Hortense Alden. Reginald Mason as Laudisi is acceptable when you can understand his words.

The Thief

SOMEONE has said that Alice Brady achieves the benefits of repertory by appearing in one artistic failure after another. There is no reason why Bernstein's The Thief, in revival, should not interrupt this system. It is a tense and excellent play up to the last three minutes of the last act, when it solves the insoluble too rapidly. It follows, of course, the well-known Bernstein formula of a "big scene" in the second act, but why not? Big scenes, when they come off as scheduled, are of the essence of the theatre. They are annoying only when they are intended to be big but listen small. This particular scene, in which Voysin (Lionell Atwill) rediscovers that his wife (Alice Brady) is not only a thief but a coward, willing to let someone else assume her guilt, and then learns that she has stolen with the one object of making herself attractive to

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him, possesses enough sound drama to adequately fill a couple of ordinary plays.

Miss Brady has certain definite limitations of voice and features. She has a vaguely competent look which makes it a little difficult to set her down as the clinging vine, and her voice carries a similar quality. Yet in spite of these handicaps, she is steadily emerging as one of our best actresses for emotional scenes. In Bride of the Lamb, she conspicuously lacked the power of restraint. She has gained poise since then. She has learned the value of modulation and variety. Her performance in The Thief is decidedly worth seeing. And so is Mr. Atwill's. The others in the cast, including even Gilbert Emery, are only fair. Mr. Emery's mellowness strikes one as being like that of an ancient apple.

The Field God

WHETHER or not evangelical Christianity is giving a stone for bread, there is no doubt at all as to the mass and direction of the stones that are being cast at it by contemporary authors and dramatists. In The Field God, a very powerful and moving play of life in America's backwaters, presented at the Greenwich Village Theatre, Mr. Paul Green, one of our newer writers for the stage, contrives to fling a missile that is compact, substantial, and likely to keep its place very near the top of the pile.

Hardy Gilchrist is an agnostic of Ingersollian type, strong, shrewd, kindly, but with a theological equipment that is less than no help when the evidences of sorrow and frustration around him afflict his anthropomorphic soul. He has an ailing wife to whom only the darker side of the revelation makes any appeal at all, and neighbors who are the dregs of the old pioneer generation, mean, slanderous, envious, narrow, and slack-witted.

An alleviation of this dark life that arrives in the shape of a cheerful and efficient young niece by marriage, is turned to disaster by the suspicion and uncharity of his entourage. The wife dies, cursing him. A young farm-hand, smitten with calf-love, drinks, brawls, curses and takes his life a year later when the girl becomes the second wife of his middle-aged rival. Lightning strikes his barns and a murrain descends on his stock. His baby sickens. Led by their pastor, the neighbors invade his house, bay sanctimoniously round the stubborn sinner, and drag him to his knees. Mr. Green reserves his great effect for the last moments of the play, when a final tragedy seems imminent. Her baby dead, the woman suddenly becomes the protagonist in revolt, and stings her mate to a final abjuration of the terrors that have poisoned his life. The play ends upon a note of chastened happiness, rather sharply conditioned, one feels, upon speedy removal to less fundamental contacts for the new life.

Having set up his Bible bogies convincingly, Mr. Green bowls them over decisively. He is helped by a very remarkable cast, and by a direction whose watchfulness only flags a little toward the end of the play. Few more striking presentations have been offered us of late than that of Fritz Leiter, as the strong, tired and repressed farmer and doubter, or Neill Sykes as the young hill-billy driven by passion to a revenge that is as vile as it is tragic. Even Ruth Mason's passivity and pathos seem well within the author's intention, and the minor characters achieve a composite picture of decadence and danger that is almost as spectral at times as the unforgettable beggars' dance in The Dybbuk.

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BOOKS

Bismarck: Geschichte eines Kämpfers, by Emil Ludwig. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt.

MORE by coincidence and because the romantic method of history-writing is now the fashion than from any direct influence, it would seem, Herr Emil Ludwig has become the German Lytton Strachey. Already he has produced a vivid and arresting life of Goethe; a full-length portrait of Napoleon which, without showing originality, is bright and extremely readable; and a really brilliant sketch of the Emperor William II, which has had almost as great a success in English as in German. It reduced the unhappy monarch to a psychological formula, and on this basis constructed as arresting a drama of human weakness in the face of enormous tasks and responsibility as I remember to have read in modern biography. The scientific method left little room for bias, but in the elaborate subordinate scenes, the wealth of romantic embellishment, it was pretty clear to the discerning reader that the Emperor—whatever part may have been played by his withered arm and his overbearing English mother—was the evil genius of modern Germany, and Bismarck the real hero. It was inevitable, therefore, that a companion-drama dealing with the Iron Chancellor should sooner or later come from Herr Ludwig's ready pen.

The formula is more or less the same. Again Herr Ludwig divides the life of his subject into five epochs, five acts of a drama. Again—and this is a claim to originality as compared with Bismarck's previous biographers—he devotes great attention to the early years, and the psychological twist, given then, which was to explain all the later motives and actions. Bismarck was a man of exuberant physical energy—150 oysters at a sitting was one of his exploits. He always had a resentment against his liberal-minded mother. He could never brook command, even from a monarch. "The Prussian official," he said in one of his early letters, "is like the individual player in an orchestra. Whether he plays the violin or the triangle, without any view of or influence over the whole piece, he must play his part as it is written for him. . . . I want either to make music as I think fit, or I don't want to play at all." From this overpowering egotism came the dominating emotion of hatred and contempt for those whom, often rightly from the point of view of intelligence and statesmanship, he considered his inferiors.

The main political interest of the drama which Herr Ludwig so brilliantly builds up in these pages derives from his study of how Bismarck subdued this hatred and curbed this inborn arrogance, adapting it with patience, foresight and even submissiveness (his tolerance of the contempt with which he was treated by the emperor he had created is an example) to his great task of first making Prussia supreme in Germany and then Germany supreme in Europe. The human interest derives from his study of how this colossus was eventually brought low, a Goliath contemptuously overcome by a weak and undignified David. The pathos of this culmination is well brought out and heightened by touches of that sentiment and romanticism which certainly lay somewhere in Bismarck's nature.

The other great moment of humiliation, the Kulturkampf and its outcome, is less elaborately described. Perhaps, as this is essentially a human biography rather than a political one, Herr Ludwig might be allowed to excuse the disproportion on artistic grounds. Yet this episode, no less than the half-score crucial moments in Bismarck's career which Herr Ludwig selects for imaginative treatment, gives a flash of revelation, a penetrating insight into the character of the man. As Professor Grant Robertson says in his superior account of this particular struggle, "the Vatican decrees were a challenge, a program and a publication of title-deeds in one," and Bismarck had no fundamental grasp of any aspect of them. To him, as to Henry VIII, the Papacy and the Catholic Church were a problem of power, not of ideas, an element in a comparatively narrow political struggle rather than a principle of universal influence and importance. Had Bismarck's understanding of this fact been more profound, and had he, too, not seriously miscalculated the potentialities that lay in democracy, his record as a fighter might have had a very different and perhaps a more fortunate ending. In any event, brilliant though Herr Ludwig's drama is, one lays it down with the feeling that there is room for another act.

JOHN STAPLETON.

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse, by Jeanne Maurice Pouquet; translated from the French by Lewis Galantière, with an introduction by Montgomery Belgion. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

WHETHER the drawing-room of Mme. Arman de Caillavet contained the last of the Parisian salons, as is asserted by the title of this book, or whether the French genius will not continue to express itself in this manner so peculiarly Parisian, is something time alone can tell. What is certain is that, in the face of all the wails that democracy has killed the salon, there was as late as 1910 in the Avenue Hoche a drawing-room which rivaled in brilliancy those eighteenth-century establishments presided over by Mme. du Deffand, and by Mme. Geoffrin. Among those who constantly attended the receptions and dinners of Mme. Arman de Caillavet while they resided in Paris, and who corresponded with her when they were abroad, were Henri Rivière, Pierre Loti, Georges Clemenceau, Robert de Montesquiou, George Feydeau, J. A. Coulangheon, Charles Maurras, Marcel Proust, the Countess de Noailles and, of course, Anatole France. To all of these Mme. Arman was a sympathetic friend, and to several an inspirer and guide. It is today no secret that, without Mme. Arman, Anatole France would have been other than he became, for it was she who vanquished his colossal indolence and who smoothed out his awkwardness and gave him confidence in himself.

In this book of letters collected by the first wife of Mme. Arman's son, the playwright Gaston de Caillavet, there is abundant evidence of the place Mme. Arman held in the career of M. France. It is odd, from the character of the woman as expressed in her letters to others than M. France, that her influence should not have been nobler than it was. She seemed to be willing to allow the man's egotism and even his sensualism free rein in all that he wrote. It was only the artist which seemed to concern her. She bitterly atoned for this attitude when France practically deserted her after she had ceased to be young and beautiful; and it is significant that in her unhappiness Mme. Arman, a Jewess, should have found her only consolation in a Catholic priest, Father Mugnier. This was a bit of irony which must have disconcerted even M. France, the prince of ironists.

It is evident that Mme. Pouquet has chosen only a very small number of the letters to which she must have had access. Consequently no definite idea can be gathered from her book of many of the vital things which must have informed Mme. Arman's correspondence. The Dreyfus affair is, for instance,

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scarcely touched upon; and yet it is known that it was Mme. Arman's influence which determined France in his stand, and caused him to break with many of his former friends. The letters thus must be taken only as a partial clue to the whole woman, and from them no generalizations can be drawn as to Mme. Arman's basic beliefs and character. Yet in many of the letters, and particularly in those to her son, there appears the portrait of a woman, sane, devoted, free of false illusions, courageous to a remarkable degree. When she first met France she distrusted his character and admired only his mind. It was unfortunate for her, though perhaps not for French literature, that this admiration should gradually have made her careless of her first judgment of his nature, and should even have led her to encourage things in him which she should have fought. But this is only a vain regret, and, after all, France was probably too great an egoist ever to have been swerved from his course.

Mme. Arman de Caillavet, Jewess though she was, was in the true succession of those extraordinary women of France who, through their unselfish devotion to genius, have come to love the possessor of that genius, and both to cause it to flower, and to be poisoned by it. The readers of this book will, at all events, be brought to the realization that in France, at least, the art of letter-writing is not dead.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Mystery Religions and Christianity, by S. Angus, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

ABOUT two years ago, Professor Viall of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, published an interesting little book entitled The Three Measures of Meal. These signified the Greek, Roman and Jewish religions at the time when the new leaven of Christianity was mingled with them. The grain in the measures was, it must be admitted, dry and not too promising, and before the leaven was added, it might well have been necessary to mix with it water, in order to make a paste in which the leaven could work its marvelous effects. To pursue the simile, the mixing agent was the wonderful stream of mystery religions pouring into the West from the East, which are so fully described in Professor Angus's book. It is a book filled with erudition, and is likely for years to be the leading authority on the subject of which it treats.

It has just been said that the grain was dry and unpromising. Certainly that was the case with the Roman and Greek religions. The former, as we learn from Horace and his contemporaries, had become, not merely neglected, but an object almost of contempt. Nor had things gone more fortunately with the latter. The bright and happy figures of that Pantheon might be well suited to a cheerful people living in easy times; but the real test of a religion is its attitude to grief, to losses of all kinds, to death. And to that last, the Roman and Greek religions held out little hope, for their afterworld was in no sense one to be desired. Vergil tells us that, and there is the well-known remark of Achilles that he had rather be slave to a landless man—the last depth of earthly misery—than reign in the lower world.

There remains Judaism. That was in a far less hopeless condition, for the Diaspora had sent out Jews all over the Roman world and planted synagogues in every important city, a constant witness to its faith. Judaism, moreover, was a highly missionary faith, and made many proselytes—encompassed heaven and earth to make them, as we are told. Some of these were full sharers in the religion, having been circumcised and following all the rites. Others—the "God-fearers"—attended

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the synagogue but were not circumcised and did not necessarily follow the full rites. It was from this last class that many of the early adherents of Christianity came.

But Judaism was highly legal and its eschatology was far from inspiring. Something more was wanting, and prior to Our Lord's coming, that something more was found by many earnest souls in one or another of the numerous mystery religions considered in Professor Angus's book. These religions did answer to the obstinate questionings of the human heart. They could respond to the sense of sin which man at this time was experiencing as he had seldom experienced it before; to his craving for pardon; to his intense longing for union with God, especially in communion—the heart, as Professor Jevons calls it, of all serious religions; above all, perhaps, to his craving for a happy immortality. All these things, in one way or another, the mystery religions gave; why, then, was it that they all succumbed before Christianity?

There is a reply to that, but let us regard the situation for a moment without any consideration of the Divine element. The mystery religions appealed far more to the sense and imagination than they did to the intellect. The ceremonies, especially those of initiation, were designed to rouse the imagination rather than to impress the conscience. But that real religious impressions were caused no one can doubt who reads the prayers and other writings which have come down to us. Father Martindale's paraphrase of one of the best known writings of Apuleius, found in his delightful book, In God's Nursery, illustrates the point. These religions were highly syncretic, so much so that we read on a tombstone of one who was "pater sacrorum summi invicti Mithrae, sacerdos Isidis, dei Liberi archibucolus"; which is as though one might today suppose a person to unite in himself the offices of dean of Westminster and chief rabbi of the Hebrew congregations. Prima facie one might think that this easy-going attitude would have been to their gain—in view, that is, of the unrigorous nature of most of mankind. But it was not so. The same syncretism led to the continuance in these religions of the horrible practices which they had brought with them out of their original naturalism, and of which Saint Augustine speaks in such scathing terms in the City of God.

These things could not abide the pure light and they ultimately led to the downfall of the religions which practised them. Yet—again entirely from an historical standpoint—how wonderful that Christianity, the worship of "a gibbeted sophist," as Lucian sneered, was the conqueror! Christianity was fiercely intolerant; no bowing down in the temple of Rimmon; no pinch of incense on the altar of the divinity of Caesar; no "soft option" there. Those who entered the strait gate in early days knew very well what was meant by it—a persecuted life, often ended by a painful death. Of course, the historical answer is that the religion had an immense asset in its Founder and His unique personality and message. But that is not enough. He was God and that is the answer; and the religion which He founded was intolerant because truth must always be intolerant, not of the unfortunates who unwittingly walk in error's paths, but of error itself.

And as it must be thus intolerant so also must it be severely definite as to what is the truth. And it is here that I disagree with Professor Angus. "The permanence of Christianity," he says, "was not secured by the contentious Nicene and Athanasian creeds, but by the simple New Testament creed, 'Jesus is Lord,' which permitted no compromise." He fails to understand that it is just because the Church of God was led by the Holy Spirit to lay down those definite symbols that it still remains what it is, the pillar and ground of the truth; and that it is just because persons like himself are desirous of setting aside all ancient formulae that Protestantism is rapidly breaking up under our very eyes. It is necessary to call attention to this point. However, this attitude is but little in evidence in a book which I have read with the deepest interest and admiration, not merely on account of the great learning to which it bears testimony, but because of the truly admirable method of its arrangement.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Gordon Riots, by J. Paul De Castro. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.50.

THE Gordon riots in England were the last revolutionary outburst of militant Puritanism. Thenceforth Liberalism and the London "bobby" held the balance of power. But in many districts of America the spirit yet lives, almost unmodified by contact with Catholicism. Transplanted to the new world, the non-conformist sects, after a period of revivalistic expansion, with but few remaining avenues for converts or proselytes open to them, think to fashion the nation after their own heart on the anvil of their ideas of faith and morals. The politicians are ready to help them, as long as they stand to win.

Mr. De Castro's excellent contribution to the history of revolutionary movements will be found indispensable to an understanding of the England of the American Revolutionary War. He has enjoyed, happily, access to documents never before used by the historian; and the bibliography of the volume gives evidence of his exhaustive research.

Savile's Catholic Relief Bill of 1778 was made necessary because of the propaganda of our own Charles Carroll among the Catholics of Ireland, if the landlords were to keep the restless "Papists" from migrating to America where they had been promised religious freedom. This was Gordon's opportunity and he had the shrewdness to seize it. He began the work of rolling up his monster petition among the Presbyterians of Scotland, who were only too ready to draw forth "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" against the near-Papists of Canterbury.

Occasionally one gets a glimpse of the lay-popes, such as Lord Petre and the Earl of Surrey, who in those days had undertaken the management of the affairs of the English Catholic body. The officious magnificoes, during the days of the simmering, visited Gordon and tried to make a deal. But when the mob turned from the burning of chapels to the burning of the houses of the magnificoes, some of the latter at once made their recantations "from the errors of the Church of Rome" before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and took the oath of supremacy before the magistrates.

Just what sinister forces were behind the riots? It is certain that the Tories regarded the riots as the breaking out of a plot which had for its objective much more than the curbing of Papists; and it is certain that the Whigs were pledged to a ministry that would end the American war. Dickens, in Barnaby Rudge, has insinuated that the opposition knew more about the developments of June 2-13, 1780, than it chose to tell. Other persons suspected American or French intrigue. Well-dressed men had been seen directing the mobs. Mr. De Castro is uncertain.

This reviewer has a suggestion to make. There can be no doubt of the intent of the Continental Freemasons at that time to foment revolution against the established order in all countries. Lord George Gordon met Cagliostro in London in 1786; and immediately thereafter there was published in the

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Public Advertiser his attack on Queen Marie Antoinette. In the same year, Gordon deserted Christianity for Judaism. But there had long resided in London (1742-1782) a famous Freemason, Hayyim Samuel Jacob Falk, whose fame as an initiate has been celebrated by Lessing in his Ernst und Falk: Gespräche fur Freimaurer. Incidentally, Falk was also a Jew. Gordon's delight in Apocalypticism and Cabalism is very well known. May not revolutionary Freemasonry have been the inspiration of the Gordon riots? Everything, to this reviewer's way of thinking, points in that direction; only one thing, in fact, is lacking—and that is the actual proof that Gordon was a member of the Freemasons.

ROBERT R. HULL.

Palestine Awake, by Sophie Irene Loeb. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

TO THOSE who desire to know just what has been accomplished in Palestine toward establishing a home land for the Jews in accordance with the Balfour Declaration, this book may be recommended as an able presentation of social and industrial conditions in process of development. As an experienced newspaper woman, Miss Loeb has gone to those best qualified to furnish the facts concerning recent achievements and present needs—the governor of Palestine, the mayor of Jerusalem, the great mufti of the Arabs and others; and as a sociological student and prominent welfare worker in her own country, she has made a survey of the social aspects of the situation which is a distinctly valuable contribution. The work is informed by a spirit of fairness and understanding of the problems of all the people of Palestine which adds to its interpretative value.

The mayor of Jerusalem, Ragheb El Nashashibi, is an Arab, but he has no fear of the influx of Jews into the country. "I cannot see," he told Miss Loeb, "any reason why the Jews and the Arabs cannot work together. There is work for all and up to the present there have been no serious quarrels. At the beginning, what little dissension arose has been smoothed out, and I believe it is the desire, at least of the younger and more vigorous and open-minded group of Arabs to do everything they can to work amicably with the Jews. We must say the Jews have brought considerable progress, and as they are mainly spending their own money in developing the country, it would be wrong not to give them credit for such efforts as they are making for the future and better Palestine."

Mutual business interests are doing much to abate the animosity between Arabs and Jews. As Sir Ronald Storrs, the Christian governor of Jerusalem, Jaffa and the southern district of Palestine, pointed out to the American investigator, the new orange-growing industry in the Tel Aviv and Jaffa section has brought the two races so much closer that at a recent industrial exposition they chose a common emblem for their exhibit. This industry, in the section named, has a remarkable record of achievement; last season it shipped 2,000,000 boxes of oranges, each containing 150 fine specimens of fruit.

Tel Aviv itself, which has been called the Miami of Palestine, and which Miss Loeb names the miracle city of the eastern world, has developed in a remarkable manner. Until six years ago, it was a small thirty-acre suburb of Jaffa; today it is a city of 1,250 acres. The population in 1920 was 2,084; today it is 40,000. Other figures are even more impressive: in 1921, there were sixteen schools with an enrollment of 2,700 pupils; today there are forty-nine schools with 7,300 pupils, divided into kindergartens, public schools and those of higher grades,

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as well as special musical and professional schools. With an adequate and efficient police force, the maximum number of violations of police regulations in this city of 40,000 is twenty-four a month. Last year, 3,000 persons were employed on public utilities alone—paving roads, constructing water-works and the like.

In summing up the results of her observations, Miss Loeb quotes Pope Pius XI's statement that he "views with entire sympathy the Jewish efforts for the regaining of Palestine; we shall be good neighbors," and expresses the opinion that the greatest change in the history of the world is today being wrought in the land of the Bible. Certainly those who read Palestine Awake will have good reason to incline toward the opinion held by the author.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

A Treatise Giving the History, Organization, and Administration of Parole, by John Philip Bramer. New York: John Philip Bramer. $2.00.

"THE Puritan's objection to individualization in punitive justice," writes Dean Pound, "was instinctive and deep-seated, for he saw in the Star Chamber the same fundamental theory as that involved in the penitential system of the Roman Church. Sociologists are now recognizing the deep and humane insight of the ecclesiastical law and its essentially modern point of view. In the penitential system 'it is not the crime,' says Saleilles, 'but the criminal alone that is . . . regarded. It becomes a subjective individualization under cover of a wholly objective legal sentence; and this is what we now demand.' "

Mr. Bramer's booklet is concerned with one, perhaps the best, attempt of modern juristic science to escape from the "classical" penology where codes, by fixing exact punishment for every degree of crime, became, in effect, the Magna Carta of criminals. The parole system, ideally administered in the fashion described by Mr. Bramer, seems superior to the indeterminate sentence, to the "good time law," and to the pardon board, as a means of making the punishment fit the criminal.

One could wish, however, that the author had devoted less space to chronological data quite unintelligible to the lay reader, and to the interesting but too detailed description of an ideal parole system, which, so far as we can learn, exists only in the author's mind; we should have welcomed, instead, a somewhat more extended statement of the theory of parole, on the one hand, and a critical description of the parole system of New York State with which Mr. Bramer is familiar, on the other.

It is to be regretted, for example, that Mr. Bramer has not pointed out that the very punitive imprisonment which parole attempts to remedy, is a humanitarian makeshift of the last century, whose theoretical justification after the event has never really been accomplished. One searches his generalizations in vain for any indication that he realizes a study of the circumstances in which the crime was committed to be an indispensable preliminary to the individualization of punishment. It is also unfortunate that Mr. Bramer did not include in his interesting bibliography the standard modern work of Raymond Saleilles on the Individualization of Punishment.

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN.

The Commonweal would greatly appreciate the receipt of copies of Number 13, Volume V, from any of its readers who may possess extra copies of this number.

BRIEFER MENTION

Samuel Butler and His Family Relations, by Mrs. R. S. Garnett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

MRS. GARNETT, intimately acquainted with the Butler family and having access to all important documents, sets out to prove that the portrait drawn in The Way of All Flesh is by no means realistic or matter-of-fact. On the whole she succeeds very well. Canon Butler and his two daughters seem to have been attractive Victorian people, and the mother of the family was a charming lady who gave all she had to her children. In justice to Samuel, it is noted that his request for keeping the manuscript in hiding until all the people referred to had died was not respected. What spurred him to write the book? Undoubtedly it was first of all consciousness of the place in literature awaiting a "big, rebellious book" on the subject of family relations. Butler seems always to have been spurred by philosophic rather than realistic impulses. Finally, he bitterly resented the horror with which his family regarded various of his unorthodox utterances. This was a source of pain from which his unusually sensitive spirit recoiled. Mrs. Garnett supplies, in addition, a great deal of valuable information about Butler as a domestic figure. This will be welcomed by all admirers of the most important and original, if not the sweetest tempered, of the anti-Victorians.

Penelope and Other Poems, by Sister M. Madeleva. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.25.

THIS distinguished little book of verse, reference to which is made elsewhere in this issue, ought to establish Sister Madeleva's position as a writer of rarely exquisite religious verse. The title poem, familiar to readers of The Commonweal, strikes the note that is maintained throughout the book—perceptive hymning of mystical Divine affection by means of analogies drawn from human love. This fragile but unusually vital theme is more skilfully varied than it was in Knights Errant; indeed, it seems occasionally to slip from the poet's control, under the summons of a diction remarkably tender and vibrant. But in the section, Good Out of Nazareth, Sister Madeleva is wholly the mistress of her demesne, adding to the poetry of religion several beautiful lyrics. If after these remarks one may be pardoned a criticism, it seems a mistake to have included the child verses which end the volume. These are decidedly not on a level with the other poems in the book and might, one ventures to surmise, have been written by almost anybody.

The Affair in Duplex 9B, by William Johnston. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THIS is another of William Johnston's detective stories. That is to say, to all who know the work of this writer, that while it is not the most wonderful mystery tale ever written, it is a good entertaining yarn, told in English which does not arouse criminal instincts in the reader, and developed without too great a demand on that reader's credulity. The murder of Francis De Brett in the Krakoff apartment, which puzzled the police for some weeks and had the district attorney at his wits' end, will be a riddle to the reader for nearly the whole of the 300 pages of the book. Yet the solution is reasonable, and it cannot be said that the author has held back until the end any clue that was necessary to the elucidation of the mystery. Altogether, a book which should serve to shorten a long railway journey or to make a rainy evening more bearable.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Ladies are to be revived this season," murmured Doctor Angelicus, complacently.

"What ladies, Doctor?" inquired Euphemia.

"Why, the ladies of my youth," explained the Doctor, half-rousing from a reverie. "I have just been reading a fashion note from Paris which says: 'After the crinoline, the bustle.'"

"The bustle—horrid thing, I shall never wear it!" exclaimed Euphemia.

"Now, my dear young lady, not so fast," interposed the literary sage. "The bustle is one of the vanished glories of art, decorum and dignity. I, at least, shall welcome it—heartily. How can you object to a device that gives proper architectural design to the female form—the right triangle that moves with all the grace of the centaur, that lends a proper daintiness to the footstep? I am sure that you modern young ladies, at least in your dreams, walk with trains and demi-trains, showing an atavistic strain in the female heart. No, the bustle shall be welcomed by me, at least, as a modest adaptation of the rear skirtings, a proper termination for the basques. We then—even the most short-sighted of us—may be sure whether a lady is coming or going in a room. A lady in a bustle has real presence; without it she may represent nature: but is it art, I ask you?"

* * * *

"April showers bring forth May flowers," sighed Primus Criticus, looking at the rain from the library window.

"Do not dogmatize," growled Hereticus, who had forgotten his umbrella and hated bluebird philosophy in any form. "Does not the new Chinese poet of the Bowery, Chung Park Lum, sing of the Snowflakes:

> "'From rain you came
> Frozen as you passed through the air.
> How beautiful your flight!
> But when you fall,
> Upon the dust and dirt of earth
> Too soon the white of you
> Becomes an earthly hue!'"

"But, dear Hereticus," interposed Doctor Angelicus, "we are not all of us snowflakes, and I am seized by the terrible depression induced by the April Bookman which I am reading. It declares that: 'In America, there is not a single periodical that devotes its pages to, and has a distinctly editorial policy and definite attitude toward, the honest criticism of books based on their literary merit regardless of cliques, personalities and publishers' propaganda.' This is a slander of slanders, and we should rise and resent it, instead of dreaming of spring flowers, soiled snowflakes or the rubbishy fiction of today."

"Have you noticed the contents of the front pages of our literary supplements lately?" asked Miss Euphemia.

"I never notice front pages, my dear young lady," growled Angelicus, apocalyptically. "I am too busy trying to forget the advertising placards in the subways and trolley cars. I take my literature from my own library."

"Ah, there's the danger, Doctor," remarked Primus Criticus. "Turn to another page of the April Bookman and you will find the warning statement that 'the circulating library in a large insane asylum differs very little in its content from the library in the average neighborhood, except that in the asylum there is a comparatively greater demand for books of a serious sort."

"I should expect this, after some of the free-lunch gatherings of editors and authors which it has been my sad duty to

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attend," moralized the Doctor. "The exquisite suavity and banal character of the guests made me feel that some warning about insanity in the authorial genealogies has given these gentlemen a soft touch and a soft step that results in the healthy, harmless stupidities of our best modern writing.

* * * *

"Philadelphia, I notice," remarked Primus Criticus, "has taken to Pickwick."

"I thought it was Benjamin Franklin," said Hereticus.

"No, I mean Pickwick. The Walnut Street Theatre has been producing a play, Mr. Pickwick, and the Lippincott Company, always at the front with English literature, has printed Walter Dixon's book on Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages."

"A highly appropriate interest for the town of William Penn and Benjamin Franklin," added Doctor Angelicus. "Have you ever noticed the stout statuary around the court-house there? We fat men must stick together if we are to preserve our eminence and our rights. There is a great deal of irrelevant humor about us from people who need their plumpers."

"Plumpers, Doctor?" asked Miss Euphemia, always conscientious about her diction and spelling.

"I said plumpers—the sort George Washington used in order to round out his toothless hollows. Neither Mr. Pickwick nor Benjamin Franklin needed to use them and I only wear mine when I am presented at court or come up for a new university degree. I use the smallest size."

"O Doctor, these confessions! Have you no reverence for the mighty dead and the hefty living?" asked Hereticus. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

"'A bone and a hank of hair,' and several large biographies are all that remain of our great ones. I really pitied that sweet lady from the city of brotherly love who met a portly English duchess at dinner in Rome last year. The duchess devoted herself to the caviar and spumone and was interrupted by the Philadelphian aristocrat with the remark:

"'Perhaps Your Grace might pay more attention to me, if she knew that my ancestor was Benjamin Franklin.'

"The English peeress paused heavily and with that honesty and frankness that is so characteristic of her noble race, remarked between mouthfuls:

"'Benjamin Franklin, who is he? Never heard of him in my life, I assure you, woman."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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